



So Call Me at Midnight by commanderogerss

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Magical Realism, Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, BDSM, Daddy Kink, Emotional/Psychological Abuse, Eventual Romance, Eventual Smut, F/M, Follows the episodes, Genderqueer Character, Magical Realism, Modern Era, Other, Queer Reader, Slow Burn, Underage Drinking, Underage Sex, afab character, billy looks the same because the 80s are 'in', light supernatural, modern era cause i want the kids to play dnd 5e, underage only because they're 17

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Original Characters, Reader, Steve Harrington, The Party (Stranger Things), Will Byers

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Summary:

You used to live in a coastal town, away from everything that happened in Hawkins, but news spreads like wildfire, a serial killer on the loose, missing kids.

All you want to do is play Dungeons and Dragons, be a regular teenager and maybe not crush on the new 'bad boy'. But does that really happen in Hawkins?

1. The Dungeon Master

Author's Note:

Welcome to the 'I am trash' part of my life where all I read and write is reader insert (and you know what, that's okay!). But basically, it's like season 2, you get all the reader insert tropes, and the points don't matter.

I'll be doing the whole Y / N + L / N (just without spaces) because it's difficult to allude to their names in longer forms. I recommend renaming extensions, I use Interactivetics via Chrome and 100% recommend that unless you use something else. The only things in CH1 are your name and if there's anything else that pops up, I will let you know in this here box!

Summary for the Chapter:

DND, boys, parties, what little time you have for all of this.

It has been a long day at the Wheeler's. You've been playing Dungeons and Dragons with the little crew you have, consisting of Mike Wheeler, Will Byers, Dustin Henderson and Lucas Sinclaire, for about five hours now. You know them due to being friends with Nancy and your younger sister is friends with Dustin. Telling them you have an interest in the game and have never been a DM before, only played, they encouraged you to give it a shot with them. This is your fifth session with them and they are at level three, all playing similar characters to what they had played before.

The sound of dice runs through the basement and you smile at them.

"Oh no," Dustin says, worry etched on his face.

"What's your AC?" You ask Dustin.

"Uhm, 12?" His voice goes higher, and you shake your head. The

three other boys holding onto the table concerned.

“You take 5 points of acid damage, as the Marrow Stalker spits venom from its quills at you!” You say with a smile.

“UGH!” Dustin yells.

“Alright, next is uhm... Will!” You say and you look at Will, he sighs and looks at the map in front of himself. You look at the tablet in front of you with information on the Marrow Stalker, generally, these would’ve wiped out everyone already, but you ended up turning the challenge rating down enough that you know they can deal with.

“Uhm... Will trails off trying to think.

“On a scale of zero to...” Lucas begins to ask what its health was looking like.

“One hundred and two? You’re looking at about a fifteen or so, it’s looking quite bloody!” You reply with a grin. You aren’t really allowed to tell the players the hit points of the creature but you were there to help them win and tell a story.

“I want to use magic missile,” he says and you nod waiting for him to roll. “I got three fours, so that’s twelve, plus three is fifteen.”

“And with that, Will the Wise shoots three darts at the creature and it falls flat, dead.” The four boys start cheering with big grins on their faces, excited about the win. “And that is where we’ll end tonight’s session guys, it’s been like five hours and we’ve got school in the morning!” You shut down your tablet and remove the DM’s screen.

“That was great, I can’t believe I got down to 6 hit points!” Lucas says.

“If I gave you what it originally was, you’d all be rolling for new characters,” you reply. You want to challenge the kids, but not obliterate their souls.

“Thanks for the session Y/N!” Mike says with a smile.

You all finish your pizza’s for the night and you tidy up in the

basement level. Putting everything in your bag, you sigh. Nancy comes downstairs to check on everyone, the gang were watching TV now, the newest show on Netflix dropped so they've been binge-watching that.

"You sure you've got to go?" Nancy asks you, you look away from the kids to her and smile weakly.

"Yeah, I've already spent the weekend here, I think I need to sleep in my own bed," you reply with a chuckle.

You had been sleeping in the same bed as Nancy, it was big enough to fit both of you and you were close enough that it wasn't silly. Nancy was someone you admired a lot, she told you about what happened to her best friend Barbara, how she had left without a trace. Nancy is still looking for some sign of the girl and you understand her.

"You don't have to, it's okay, Mom loves you and Mike loves you!" Nancy pleads, trying to get you to stay and you shake your head.

"I think Mom is missing me, Brian... eh, not so much," you reply with a chuckle.

Long story short, you weren't being treated right at home. Your mum loves you from the bottom of her heart, if someone were to get you, they'd have to pry you from her fingers. Your sister too, both of you felt the love from your mum. Your step-dad, on the other hand, was not a nice man. While he dealt with his issues growing up, his parental issues, he didn't treat you like his kid, he didn't treat you like you should even be around. So you stay quiet and out of his way.

Often, trying to stay out as late as you can, but always sending your mum a message to let her know what's going on. Even staying out late at someone's house, just so that you wouldn't have to deal with the torment.

You wave goodbye to everyone and leave, tossing your bag on the passenger side of your car and pulling up your music app of choice and playing some music. Tomorrow is a whole new day.

And in fact, tomorrow is a whole new day. You drive your sister and yourself to the high school and middle school respectfully. You played songs from the 88rising label, you were addicted to that sadboi aesthetic. Your sister plays on her phone, texting her boyfriend a few states over. While you might be in the 21st century, Hawkins sure wasn't. The town still had a blockbuster, an arcade, everything you'd find in 1983. You didn't mind it half the time, at least you could watch movies and eat pizza like you did when you were a kid and the video rental stores were more frequent and used upon.

You park your car, your music loud enough that people whip their heads around, wondering where it's coming from. You open the door and step out, wearing your usual ensemble of black skinny jeans, some form of canvas street shoes, graphic t-shirt, and due to the weather a black hoodie. Your hair is cut short, something you stepdad always calls you a lesbian, but you roll your eyes.

"Alright, I'll meet you at the car when class finishes yeah?" You say to your sister who nods her head.

"Yeah," she replies with a couple of grumbles before closing her door behind her and walking off.

You sigh and run a hand through your hair and close the door behind you, going into the back seat and bending over to grab your backpack, you close the door behind you to turn around and bump into something solid. It's not Nancy, she's not built like that, or Steve, he wasn't built like that either. Someone new.

"Cool car," the gruff voice says and you look up at him. A, slightly not there, blonde moustache, with a blonde mullet, an earring in his left ear, and a lit cigarette dangling from his lips. The stranger dressed in double denim.

"Thanks, it was my dad's," you reply as you shuck your backpack onto your arm and shoulder and doing it to the other strap.

“Oh cool,” he replies. You nod your head not understanding where this conversation is going so you lock up your car and begin to move but the stranger follows you. “Hey, do you know where the administrative office is?”

“Oh it’s just through your big doors over there, it’s kind of easy to get to, there are signs and like teachers...” you trail off.

You weren’t too sure who this guy is, and you weren’t looking for new friends, you have Nancy, Jonathon and Steve, and to some degree, you’d call the other four munchkins your friends too. So whoever this guy is, trying to be nice to you, you certainly weren’t buying it.

“Right.” He pauses as the two of you continue walking in silence, you feel the looks on your back.

You’re still considered a new kid, but maybe your status will run out. You aren’t bullied, but you’re certainly not popular. You’re a part of Nancy’s group, Nancy, Jonathon and Steve, while Steve is still friends with Carol and Tommy H.

Honestly, people left you alone because you’re a hard target to crack.

The stranger puts out the cigarette and tosses it into a nearby bin, the two of you go through the doors you point out, “just this way, that’s where the administration's office is,” you tell him.

He nods his head and puts in a piece of gum, offering you some but you shake your head.


“Cool, thanks.”

“No worries,” you say before leaving to go to your locker.

“Hey, the name’s Billy, yours?” He asks.

“Y/N,” you reply.

“Hope to see you around, Y/N,” he says with a wink and makes his way towards administration. You chuckle and shake your head, you weren’t sure who this Billy kid is, but who knows.



You had one class and going to your second class, you see Tina is near the door handing out flyers. You're walking with Nancy and Jonathon, Tina passes one to you and Nancy, with Nancy quickly going back to grab another one, who you assume is for Steve. Though she quickly hands it to Jonathon, mentioning he's coming. Where he reads the flyer that mentions 'come and get sheet faced'.

"No, I'm not," he replies and you chuckle.

"Gotta admit, pretty funny," you add, you were a sucker for shitty jokes like that.

Nancy and Jonathon go back and forth bickering about if he's going or not, and you sigh. The two of them were like an old married couple, you understood that they both went through some things last year trying to save Will, but you never really dug deep.

"Come on Jonathan, it'll be fuuuun~" you trail off and wave your hands with a smile, he rolls his eyes at you, and the three of you find yourselves at Nancy's locker.

"So, I heard that this new kid Billy was talking to you what was that —" before Nancy could finish her sentence, she screams as Steve picks her up. You snicker.

The pair start kissing and you look elsewhere, picking up your phone you notice your sister sending you memes.

"I'm gonna go," Jonathon says, mostly to you since he knows Nancy isn't paying attention anymore.

"Alright, bye," you wave.

Nancy and Steve stop kissing, Nancy looks to you and where Jonathon was standing only to notice he left, you shrug your shoulders.

"Hey, Steve, got an invite for Tina's sheet faced party?" You ask with a chuckle.

A lot of events are coordinated this way, people could use Facebook, but considering the distrust of the company, and that Internet out here isn't fantastic, you're better to have flyers to hand out rather than use a website to organise an event.

"Uhm, yeah, yeah, definitely!" He says with a smile.

You like parties, you got to be away from home and let loose. You never tell your mum that you drink alcohol, often staying at Nancy's who helps cover up for you. So, Tina's party will be fun.

You wait by the car, your hands in your pockets. Nancy comes by and smiles at you.

"Where you off to?" You ask her.

"Just home, but Steve and I are going to see Barb's parents later tonight," she says kicking a bit of dirt.

"Oh," you say looking down, "I'm sure it'll be okay, you have me and Steve, and Jonathon." Nancy nods her head.

"Yeah, yeah."

"I'll text you later tonight then," you tell her and she smiles, hugging you before she walks off with Steve.

You check the clock on your phone, she should be finished soon.

"What are you waiting around for?" A familiar voice calls out to you, and you look up to see the same mullet, prepubescent moustache wielding guy.

"A sign," you reply sarcastically.

"Well, I'm right here!" Billy replies and you couldn't help but laugh.

"My sister, she goes to the Middle School, I don't imagine you're hanging around to go to the library," you reply.

You heard stories about Billy, he's already gaining a reputation, schmoozing up to most of the girls in the school, you're surprised that he doesn't have a girl hanging on his arm right now.

"Same, step-sister," he grumbles almost kind of annoyed about it.

"Divorced parents too?" You ask him and he nods his head.

"My dad remarried."

"My mom remarried."

The two of you look at each other and nod your heads, accepting the fact that you might have more in common than you originally thought. A pair of heads come closer to the parking lot, one a striking red and the other a dark blonde. The dark blonde was your sister, you assume the redhead is Billy's step-sister.

"Hey there, make a new friend?" You ask your sister.

"Yeah this is Max," your sister says with a smile. Max pouts but looks at you and nods her head. "Max, this is Y/N."

"Hey Max, how are you?" You ask her, but before she could even think of a response, Billy is already getting frustrated.

"Come on," Billy says.

"Drop me off at the arcade, will ya?" Max asks Billy who grumbles a reply.

"See ya!" Your sister calls out to Max, who looks back and waves.

"Huh." You reply, looking at the two as they walk to Billy's car.

Max gets in the passenger side while Billy opens up his cigarette box and putting it in his mouth, lighting it up and taking a big drag. You sigh. He looks at you with a smirk and a wink, he gets in the car before it comes to life. Blasting '80s power ballads, he drives off.

"Can you pick your jaw up off the floor and let's go!" Your sister replies and you shake your head opening your car door and getting in

before going home.

2. The Party

Summary for the Chapter:

Halloween has come around, and this means the party.

tw: mentions of physical threats + slut-shaming.

Notes for the Chapter:

I mention the name Astrid in here, that's your sisters name.

Edit: I just realised that because of Interactivefics it changed Y / N to my name, so sorry if you were like "who the hell is Melissa?" if it didn't/it's been a few hours or days later, just ignore this!

You close the car door behind you, and Max comes over to the car. "Hey Max, how are you?" You ask

"Good."

You nod your head, she isn't one for talking and you understand that neither is your sister, it's a perfect friendship. Max walks up to your sister and they began giggling together.

"Do you guys need a lift to the arcade?" You ask them and the pair look at you and nod their heads. "Okay, meet me here after school and I'll drive you there!"

The pair make their way to the middle school, with Max holding onto her skateboard. You sigh and run a hand through your hair.

"Hey there, Y/N," you hear Billy's voice call over to you.

"Hello Billy," you reply, he knits his brows together. "Are you going to Tina's?" You ask him, you lock your car and he smirks.

"Yeah, I'm going, why?" He asks you, you're leaning against the car

door and Billy moves a little closer.

“Just, curious is all.”

There’s a silence between the two of you, and all you can do is stare at Billy, with him staring back. You didn’t know what else to say really, you didn’t know what else to talk to him about, you could talk about your divorced parents, but is there any real point? Billy doesn’t seem like the kind of guy to talk about his feelings.

“I should go, to my, uhm, locker...” you trail off not really knowing where to go with that, Billy nods his head like he’s allowing you to leave.

You say goodbye to the older boy and make your way to the school. You can feel Billy’s eyes on your body and you aren’t too sure why, but you accentuate the sway of your hips. Maybe you want him to notice you more than his step-sister’s friends sibling. You aren’t someone who hooks up with anyone, but you certainly didn’t keep to yourself. The most you do is kiss people while drunk and who knows how the party will go tonight.

“I wonder why Billy talks to you a lot,” Nancy says as you pull out textbooks from your locker.

“We’ve had three conversations, Nance,” you reply shaking your head with a bit of a chuckle.

“Three conversations is better than none!” She says with a smile. You nod your head smiling.

You hear Billy behind you laughing with his friends, winking at every girl who stares at him, but he stares at you a little longer and doesn’t wink at all. Nancy looks between the two of you and you quickly look away, trying not to stare long enough.

“Y/N...” Nancy says looking at you. You shake your head before you close your locker door and lock it.

“Leave it,” you say with a forced smile. The two of you begin to walk to your first class together.

“Where’s Max?” You ask your sister as she comes up with Dustin, Lucas and Mike.

“Told me she had homework to do, so I’m going trick-or-treating with the gang,” she says with a shrug.

“Where’s Will?” You ask just replacing the name, you arch one of your eyebrows, they never go without Will.

“Uhm...” the three stutter thinking of something to say.

“Just doing some last-minute arrangements to his costume!” Dustin says and you laugh.

“Whatever, that’s fine!” You say, not really caring what Will was doing. “Does Mom know?”

“Yeah,” your sister says, “Mike says I can borrow one of Nancy’s old costumes.”

There’s a nod of your head, looking at the gang in their ghostbusters outfits. You notice the same name on Mike and Lucas’ outfits.

“I like that movie, Ghostbusters, it’s silly but good!” You said with a smile. The three beam with a smile and you chuckle.

“When’s our next session?” Lucas asks and you shrug your shoulders.

“This weekend if you’d like? I can try and plan something quickly enough for you guys,” you say and they all nod their heads.

While the house you lived in was big enough for everyone, you didn’t want to subject them to your step-dad. He didn’t work, your mum is the breadwinner in the household; you probably knew that’s why he acted out to you half the time.

“See you guys later, save some candies for me all right!” You say to them and they all in unison say yes. Your sister stands on the back of Dustin’s bike as they all make their way home.

You look at your phone, a message from Nancy asking what time you were going to be at the party, but you pocket it.

“We’ve got to stop meeting like this!” Billy says and you laugh.

“Well, if you’d actually come to class, instead of making out with one of the cheerleaders, then you’d actually see me,” you reply, he laughs too not denying what you said.

“What time you coming ‘round to the party?” He asks the same question as Nancy, you shrug your shoulders.

“Not too sure, maybe a little after it starts.”

“Wanna lift?” He asks you, you look at your car then back to him. He puts his hands in his pocket and fishes out a cigarette, lighting it, before inhaling the smoke.

“Depends, you offering?” Billy makes an ‘ *mhm* ’ sound, “I guess so, I imagine you won’t take no for an answer.”

“You’re learning, Y/N,” he replies, he gets his phone out and presses some buttons. “Give me your number and you can text me your address.”

You take out your phone, going to the contacts app and then adding a new contact. You take Billy’s phone and you pass him yours, you add your first and last name along with your phone number, he does the same and you both hand back your phones to each other.

“Daddy Hargrove?” You ask looking at his name in your contacts, you roll your eyes but can’t help the blush.

“Don’t wear it out,” he says with a wink, “has Max and your sister not pass through?”

“Astrid has, Max hasn’t. She’s doing homework or something like that,” you say with a shrug of your shoulders. Billy’s tongue presses against the inside of his cheek, his jaw tensing a bit.

“Right.” He pauses. You open your car door and close it, turning on the car the music starts to play, lowering down the volume and your

window, you look up at him as he bends over.

“I guess I’ll see you tonight then Hargrove,” you say with a smirk, Billy mimics you.

“Sure thing doll,” he replies with a wink. The blush deepens and you slide back into the car, sending a wave his way before leaving the car park.

Looking at your wardrobe, you aren’t too sure what to wear really. You figure a lot of the girls going would be wearing promiscuous outfits, slutty cats, slutty nurses. While you didn’t necessarily want to dress like that, you could dress up, to say the least. You decide to wear something from the ‘80s, leather jacket, bright pink skirt (that you’ve been meaning to sell but lucky you hadn’t), fishnet stockings with black pumps and a cropped bright blue shirt and lastly teasing your hair. You make your way down to the kitchen and pick out an apple from the fridge to bite into.

“Shouldn’t you put pants on?” You hear a voice near you, you turn around and bite in the apple again to see Brian standing there, a wine glass in hand as he opens the fridge. His ritualistic Friday night.

“No, because I’m wearing a skirt,” you reply while chewing on the fruit.

“You’ll be cold...” he trails off, you could tell he didn’t necessarily care about your body temperature.

“Mmm, maybe, but I’ve got this jacket on so I’ll be fine,” you say.

He scoffs and rolls his eyes, topping off the wine glass and putting the bottle in the recycling bin. “Hey dear!” He yells, your mum emerges from her office and looks at you.

“Yes?” She says looking from you to her husband.

You know your mum might freak out internally, but you’re old enough to know your decisions.

“Doesn’t Y/N look cold?” He says and she looks at you.

“Y/N, do you think you’ll be cold?” She asks, you take a few bites of your apple and shake your head. The alcohol will keep you warm, but you don’t tell her that. “Then I think it’s fine.”

“No, Trisha, that’s not the issue here!”

“You mean, you’re just trying not to call me a slut, Brian,” you reply before taking a few more bites of the apple and putting it in the bin. Brian narrows his eyes and takes a sip of alcohol.

“Y/N!” Your mum says agasp. She isn’t the usual Mum who is worried about their kids swearing, she’s actually pretty chill, but you know she’d still find that a bit too much.

“I mean he keeps eyeing me, Mom! He just wants to call me a slut because I’m showing off my legs!”

“Are you dressing up as a hooker for Halloween?” Brian asks you and you narrow your eyes.

“Yeah, what if I am? Hmm? What if I am!”

Brian grunts, “I want to fucking hit you so hard.”

“Do it, fucking do it!”

Before he takes one step there’s a honk of a car, you stare at Brian, narrowing him down and waiting for him to touch you. But, there’s a pause and you smirk pushing past Brian, getting your keys and phone and putting them in your jacket.

“I’ll be staying at Nancy’s, so I’ll text you! I love you, Mom!” You say opening the front door. Billy’s now leaning against his car, looking up he smiles at you. You notice the lack of shirt and a leather jacket and blue jeans, you can’t help but grin.

“Seems we matched,” he says loudly. You close the door behind you and you chuckle.

“A big coincidence!” You reply though you were wondering who he

is dressed up as. You make your way over to him and he opens the passenger side for you. "Thank you."

The front door opens, and out stood Brian, looking at Billy before you then back to Billy. Billy closes the door and goes around to the driver's side, quickly looking at Brian before getting inside.

"Is that your step-dad?" He asks looking at you before starting the car, you look at the front door and grimace.

"Uhm, yeah," you say, remembering just moments ago he threatened you.

Billy nods his head before speeding off and you can't help but giggle at the speed he was going, you'd be at Tina's in no time.

Once you arrive there you step out of the car, all eyes are on you. The party is already in full swing and the music is booming. Billy's arm snakes around your shoulder and you look at him.

"What are you trying to show off, all you wanted was a ride with me..." you trail off, not too sure what he wants.

"Can't be thinking we dressed like this for a reason," he says as you two begin to walk inside the house.

Inside the music was even louder, playing a range of music from 80s power ballads, to the recent top 40s. You notice a lot of people are already drunk and some are making out against walls and seats. Billy's friends call out to him, he breaks from you and smiles.

"I'll be around," you tell him as you make your way to the kitchen.

Taking a solo cup, you look at the punch bowl with fog flowing through, dipping the cup in, you take a sip and cough slightly. Felt like way too much alcohol and no mixer. You find Nancy and Steve, Nancy didn't seem to have dressed up, neither did Steve but they probably did and it was more on the subtle side, but there are people who have dressed up, Togas like Ancient Rome, Macho doucheheads.

You give Nancy and Steve a hug and smile.

“You and Billy?” Steve asks as his eyes look at Billy, you turn around to find where Steve’s eyes have landed and it’s on Billy who’s staring at you before he licks his lower lip and turns around to talk to Tommy and some other guy.

“He just gave me a lift, it was a coincidence we dressed like this!” You said with a slight chuckle, but you look down, your right hand playing with the zipper of the jacket. “He, uhm, threatened to hit me...”

Steve’s jaw tenses, “Billy?” He whispers, his hands forming into fists. You quickly shake your head.

“No, sorry, Brian, Brian pretty much called me a slut and then threatened to hit me after I didn’t put any pants on,” you reply scratching your forehead.

“Y/N, you look gorgeous, you’re not a slut, do you need me to call like Child Protective services?” Nancy asks and you shake your head quickly again.

“No, please don’t, don’t, uhm...” you trail, “look, I’ll be here for another two years or so, I can be fine, he doesn’t do anything to Mom or Astrid, so it’s fine, I can take it.”

“It doesn’t matter what you can take, he can’t do anything to you!” Steve says and you shake your head.

“It’s fine, look I’m here, I want to get white girl wasted, and just forget about everything,” you said with a big grin on your face. Steve continues to scowl but nods his head.

You hear people chanting and you look behind you, Billy wasn’t there or his dumbarse friends, you look at Steve and Nancy before going outside to see two people holding onto Billy’s ankles as he’s drinking from a keg, a tonne of people surrounding him. You roll your eyes and go back inside.

“What is it?” Nancy asks.

“Billy’s drinking from a keg.”

Steve makes a ‘ *hmm* ’ noise from his throat. He was wearing sunglasses at night and you couldn’t help but laugh at him. The pair of you make light conversation. You can hear chants of people yelling “BILLY!” and before you know it, Billy, Tommy H., and another friend has come over to the three of you.

“We got ourselves a new Keg King, Harrington.”

“Yeah, that’s right!”

“Yeah. Eat it, Harrington.”

Steve was slowly losing his popularity he holds onto so much, Billy is taking over everything Steve has, and you look from Billy to Steve. Billy wraps his arm around your waist and pulls you closer. You could smell the cigarettes and alcohol on him, his skin is glistening with beer.

“You smell disgusting,” you remark. You notice Nancy rolling her eyes before walking away. Billy laughs almost darkly, pushing him off of you. Steve follows Nancy and you look at Billy before following Steve.

You can hear some guy yelling “pure fuel” and Steve fishes out a beer from the fridge he looks over at Nancy who’s taking a cup, telling her to go easy.

“We’re just being stupid teenagers for the night. Wasn’t that the deal?” Nancy replies with a few droplets trickling from her lips.

“Come on Nancy, get white girl wasted with me!” You say with a grin, your cheeks start to blush, that usually meant the alcohol was getting to you.

Nancy scoops more liquid into the cup and finishes it, some of the liquid on the cup getting on her face. You start to follow Nancy this time and Steve stops you for a moment.

“Make sure she doesn’t do anything she’ll regret.”

“You got it, Cap!” You laugh and follow Nancy, grabbing her hand and lifting it up in the air and start dancing together.

3. The Night

Summary for the Chapter:

You get closer towards Billy, he helps you close out the night.

Notes for the Chapter:

This has a bit of soft!billy, I apparently can't write him as an asshole for some reason but things will change.

“Is Jonathon coming?” You ask Nancy loudly over the music as the two of you dance together. She shrugs her shoulders and you continue to dance with her.

Steve comes up and begins dancing with the two of you, you smile and laugh and dance clumsily in your pumps not really caring about who saw you or judged you. Nancy and you occasionally go back and refill your drinks, then coming back to dance with Steve.

You can feel a pair of hands on your hips and you turn your head to see the same blonde locks that are plaguing you for some time now. But you're quite tipsy, on the verge of drunkenness, you turn your head back and smile moving your hips to the song. You don't care if you're teasing, or being stupid. You're drinking, and you're having fun. Besides, you know Steve and Nancy... make that Steve will look out for you if something bad happens. Nancy and Steve leave, giving you time alone with Billy. You turn back around and place your hands around his neck, his hands still on your waist.

“Hey there beautiful,” he says with a smirk.

“Hey there yourself,” you reply with a slight giggle.

“Having fun?” Billy asks and you nod your head with a grin.

Before you can even continue your conversation or dancing, there's a splashing sound and a gasp, everyone stops. You look at where the sound came from and you see red on Nancy's top. Then she and Steve

walk past everyone, even past you. You look at Billy.

“I need to help out my friends,” you say but Billy doesn’t let you go.

“Come on, dance with me...” he trails off, his forehead against yours and you shake your head.

“I gotta help!” You reply, letting go and following the couple.

Steve notices you and ushers you in before closing the door. You sit on the toilet seat as Nancy grabs a washcloth and uses cold water, Steve tells her it isn’t going to work, whereas Nancy says it’s coming out.

“I think you need to soak it, Nancy,” you reply, but she ignores you.

“Come on. Let me just take you home, okay? Come here.”

“Do you want to borrow my jacket?” You ask Nancy.

Nancy ignores you and slurs about Steve wanting this, with Steve responding that he told her to stop drinking.

Daddy Hargrove: Everything alright?

You forgot his name is that in your contacts.

You: Just Nancy having a breakdown, it’s alright.

You don’t know why Billy cares so much, maybe he is doing this to get into your pants, to make it seem like you’re cared for and then he’ll fuck you and leave you. You eyed him throughout the night kissing other girls, he even caught your eye but continued to do it, staring you down.

You sigh and lean your cheek against the cool tile.

“It’s bullshit. Bullshit.”

“No, it’s not bullshit. Okay?”

“Nancy...” you trail off, trying to keep your eyes open. Maybe the alcohol got to you.

“No, it’s not bullshit, Nancy.”

“No, you. You’re bullshit.”

It’s as if time stopped, Steve is stammering, asking her what she means. Nancy talks about killing Barb and Steve looks at you and shakes his head.

“Nancy, shut up...” Steve trails off and you knit your brows together, Nancy looks back to you and smiles.

“Yeah, last year, there was a serial killer, and we had sex and left her to die, they say she’s missing, but she died Y/N.” She pauses and looks at Steve, “like, it’s great. Like, we’re in love and we’re partying. Yeah, let’s party, huh? Party. We’re partying. This is bullshit.”

“Like, we’re in love...”

Time begins again and Steve leaves slamming the door, Nancy tries to clean the red off of her and you sigh. You didn’t know what to do. You look at Nancy and you stand up, grabbing her hand and pulling her in and she cries on your shoulder.

“I’m sorry Y/N, I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” she repeats herself and you just shush her, running a hand through her hair trying to calm her down.

You heard a knock at the door. “Uhm, occupied!” You call out.

“It’s me,” Jonathon calls out.

You pull Nancy away and look at her, “do you want Jonathon to come in?” she nods her head.

“Come in, close it behind you!”

You move Nancy and yourself so you can accommodate for the third person. He walks in and stops to see Nancy with a red stain on her shirt.

“What’s wrong?” He asks, Nancy moves from you and tries to wipe the red out.

"She uhm, Nancy and Steve, aren't ... together," you reply slowly trying not to let Nancy be more upset.

"It's bullshit!" She says scrubbing at it.

"Hey Nance, I'm going to take you home," Jonathon says looking at her.

"No!"

"Nancy, listen to Jonathon. Here, I'll come with you!" You said. Jonathon grabs the door, you pull Nancy into you, grabbing onto her waist and you make it through the party to Jonathon's car.

"There you go Nancy," you say putting her into the passenger side.

"Do you need a lift home?" Jonathon asks and you shake your head.

"No, I'll get my mom to pick me up or something, or call an Uber or something..." you trail off. Jonathon nods his head and moves to the driver side, "hey."

"Yeah?"

"Text me when you get her home please, and yourself."

Jonathon nods his head confirming your request and you smile, moving away from the car, Nancy is already asleep and you smile and wave at Jonathon who waves back before driving off. You find yourself on the steps, you sit down and sigh. Your phone reads 1 am.

You: Steve, are you alright?

Steve: I'm fine, Y/N, peachy.

You: Steve...

Steve: What?

You: Nothing, I'll talk to you later.

Running a hand through your hair, you wanted to scream. But you rub your eyes, rubbing away the sleep. You open the Uber app and

look at it, there are no drivers around, it is completely deserted.

You: You still around?

Daddy Hargrove: Yeah, where r u?

You: Outside on the steps.

You hear crunching of leaves and a slight grunt as you feel a bump next to you.

“Penny for your thoughts?” Billy asks and you sigh, leaning your head on his shoulder, he moves his arm to wrap around you and you move closer towards him. The smell of alcohol and cigarettes more evident.

“What happens when your best friends break up, and you feel so drained already, and you just want to go home but there are no Ubers and your ride here is a dickhead who drank too much to drive.”

“I’ve been drinking water in between you know, and that reminds me.” He hands you a water bottle and you happily take it, downing the last half of the water. “So, you need a lift?”

“Yeah, I don’t want to get Mom, she’ll kill me if she finds this out. Brian will be worst!” You reply, your face in your hands. You’re happy you didn’t wear makeup tonight.

“Brian?” He asks, his head turned like a puppy.

“Step-Dad, you don’t really want to know, it’s not like you’ll care,” you say, your voice is muffled by your hands.

Billy moves his arm and positions himself so he can see you head-on, he removes your hands and takes them in his own, “tell me.”

“Why do you care so much?” You ask him, ignoring his question.

“Because Y/N, now tell me why,” he asks, looking at you with pleading eyes, he’s a puppy dog again.

“He just says things that make me self-doubt, he,” you pause to

laugh, remembering the memory, “he implied that I was a slut with this outfit!” You continue to laugh through the comment.

“Well, are you?” Billy asks.

“No! I haven’t even had sex Billy, only kissed people,” you say, almost like it is stupid of him to ask.

“Could’ve fooled me!” He says with a chuckle.

“Yeah, I know you’re a manwhore, Billy, I’ve just never found the right person,” you say with a sigh, “if only I could have sex with Chris Hemsworth.”

“The right person is in front of you, babe.” Billy points at himself and you can’t help but laugh. A slight pout is on his lips but he laughs with you. “I think you look really nice tonight.”

“Thank you, Billy.”

There’s a lull between the two of you, you just stare at him. Rubbing your eyes and you yawn.

“Can I get that lift home?” You ask him.

“Sure.”

Billy stands up and holds his hand out, helping you up. You stand up and bump into Billy, stepping back, your cheeks burned, if he asks you’ll tell him it’s the alcohol. Brushing your backside, you follow Billy to the car, he helps you in the passenger side and he gets into the driver’s side.

“Home sweet home,” Billy says and you chuckle at the irony of that.

“Not really,” you say with a sigh.

You look at the house, it’s a modest one story, 3 bedrooms, 1.5

bathrooms. It has been your home for six months now, and you're not too sure why but it doesn't feel like a home. You always feel on edge when you're there. You want to be somewhere else, you didn't mind if it is with Billy, just as long as you're not *home* .

“Cause your Step-Dad called you a slut?” He asks, confused. You're silent with your head drooping down, and Billy lifts your chin with his finger and looks at you, “wanna tell me?”

“Not really,” you admit.

You aren't too sure what Billy is trying to do, you move your head away and open the door and closing it behind you; Billy gets out and follows you to the front door. The two of you look at each other before you giggle nervously.

“Thank you for the night *Keg King*,” you say giving him his title and he chuckles.

“No doubt about it, I had a good night,” he replies and you smile.

“Text me when you get home?” You ask him and he nods his head.

“I'll try to remember,” he says before he pulls you in for a tight embrace.

You gasp, you aren't expecting this, but you wrap your arms around his chest and sigh into it. Billy kisses the top of your head and he lets you go. It is confusing, all of this, why is Billy being so nice to you, maybe he senses something? You aren't too sure, but you ignore the kiss, not like if you ask him, he'd probably ignore it too.

“I'll see you around then?” He says and you nod your head this time, watching him leave and make it back to his car.

Taking off your shoes and holding them in one hand you fumble with your keys and open the door, hearing the loud music plays and you curse to yourself, you hope that it doesn't wake anyone up. You can hear snoring from the living room, sounds from the TV and you nod your head.

‘He fell asleep on the couch, again, ’ you think to yourself.

Making your way to your bedroom and close the door behind you. You sigh and flop on your bed. Sending a text to Jonathon that you got home safe and you text both Nancy and Steve that you're home and you hope they're okay. You sigh and roll off your skirt and stockings, then your jacket and shirt along with your bra and put on a pyjama shirt to wear.

Tonight ended up being so hectic, and you just want to go to bed. Doing your skincare, and filling up your water bottle, you make your way to bed to find a text from Billy.

Daddy Hargrove: I'm home, thanks for tonight.

You: No worries.

You really need to change his name in your contacts.

4. The Fight

Summary for the Chapter:

Astrid tells you what happened Halloween when she was with the gang, and you find it in your heart to not tear Billy limb from limb.

“Y/N...” you hear with a knock at your door.

You’re sitting at your desk looking at your computer, scrolling absentmindedly through Reddit. The door opens and your sister walks in, almost scared of your reaction.

“What’s wrong?” You ask her and she sighs, closing the door behind her. You turn around and look at her.

“Uhm, so you know Max’s brother, Billy, right?” She asks, *how could you forget*.

“Yeah...”

“Well, I was on the back of Dustin’s bike and we were going to Mike’s, and so we hear a car so they all move to the side because, well, we don’t want to get hit, obviously, but the car keeps revving and I didn’t know who it was at the time, but the car almost hits us and goes past, we all kind of crash into each other and Dustin said it was Mad Max, which is Max’s like nickname at the arcade and yeah...”

You can’t help but clench your teeth together, your hands balling into a fist and you’re ready to throw hands.

“Are you serious, Astrid?” You ask, you don’t believe she’s lying, why would she, but this is serious.

“Yes Y/N, I am serious!”

“Fucking asshole!” You curse and with a few more curses you get up and give your sister a hug who groans.

“You don’t have to—”

Letting her go moments later, Astrid leaves your room and you get your phone, trying to type out a text to him but you delete it, you write something out again, but then you delete it again. You don’t know what to do.

You: I am going to fucking kill, Billy!

Nancy: Why?

You: He tried to run over my sister and your brother

Nancy: Seriously?

You: Astrid just told me

Nancy: Oh my God!

You and Astrid aren’t necessarily the best of friends, you drive her to and from school and she doesn’t listen to you half the time. But, you do love her, and you do want the best for her. Sure, you don’t see eye to eye most of the time, but she’s your sister and you would do anything for her.

Even if that includes ignoring the guy who had slowly become a friend.

Getting out of your car, Billy seems to be talking with another girl, he notices you but your quick to walk off, ignoring him. He sighs, the girl between his legs moves his head with her hands so he can look at her again.

You make your way to your locker, you have history first then gym class. Today is going to be rough, and heartbreaking, but you would

get through it, you're strong! You sigh holding your backpack closer to you. You didn't want to confront Billy, you didn't imagine he'd hurt you but you've heard stories about him punching people, getting into fights. So you'll bottle it up as you do with your mum because she won't dump Brian, it's what you do with Brian, it's what you do with Astrid, it's what you do.

Steve walks past you and you don't look. You don't look because you don't think he'll stop, because you don't think you'll stop him.

"Hey Y/N!" Jonathon says making his way to you. Steve looks back at the two of you and you give him a small smile, he smiles back and turns around making his way to his locker.

"Hey, I'll meet you in class, I've just gotta hand something in to the office!" You tell Jonathon.

"Oh, sure!" He says with a smile. Grabbing your history book and closing your locker, you make your way to Steve.

"Steve, wait up!" You call out, out of the distance of Jonathon.

"Sure you should be talking to me? Your boyfriend or friend won't get you in trouble?" He asks, his words feel like venom.

"Boyfriend? Billy? No. He almost tried to run over Astrid so I'm ignoring him and Nancy's fine, how are you?" You ask him.

The two of you continue walking in silence, making your way outside. You had history and gym class together and there is enough time to stand outside and wait.

"I'm fine."

"You're not Steve, I know you're not, you're hurting, please tell me, we're... we're friends!" You tell him and he sighs, stuffing his hands in his pockets.

You move your arms to bring him into a hug, and he grimaces like it hurts but moments passed before he takes his hands out of his pockets and wraps them around you in a hug. His head in the crook of your neck as he sighs into it, closing his eyes tightly trying not to

cry.

“It’s alright Steve...”

You’re the Mum friend of your group, it is something that came naturally to you as you had to look after your own Mum and sister during the divorce when you were younger. It’s a role you fell into quite naturally, and you don’t mind it of course.

“It just hurts, it just hurts Y/N...” he trails off and sighs. His palms rub at his eyes, trying to push back the tears.

“Why don’t you and I hang out tonight, you can come around mine and we can watch some movies or something?” You ask him and Steve nods his head.

“Okay, straight after school?”

You nod your head and the bell rings, just in time.

“It’s a date!” You say with a laugh and he laughs too, bringing you in, wrapping his arm around your shoulders.

“Come on knucklehead, let’s head to history!” He says.

Sport is not something you are well versed in. You stuck to art, history, English, the most you enjoy is science, but that’s as far as you go on the logic scale. You emerge from the girl’s locker room with a book in hand a note signed from your mom, it isn’t your mom you’re just good at forging her signature.

“Coach, I can’t play today, I have girl problems...” you trail off.

You don’t lie often, somedays you play, but today just isn’t a day you wanted to get all sweaty playing a game that you didn’t understand why people had to play during gym.

The coach makes a scrunched up face, takes the note and reads it before nodding and shooing you off the stands where you sat and smiled and opened your book.

“Not playing today Princess?” You hear a voice, a voice you're quick to fall for, even if you won't admit it.

You ignore him, knowing it is Billy and your eyes drift over the pages. Billy grunts and sighs and makes his way over to Tommy and his other friends. The coach using his whistle to signify that class has started, he began yelling about basketball and that Billy is captain A and Steve is captain B. You look up at the two who stand next to each other as they call out people's names. Steve wore the Hawkins Phys Ed top and shorts, whereas Billy just wore the shorts. He's showing off his body and you hate him for it.

The game begins and your eyes go from your book to Billy and Steve, the pair are facing off each other and it isn't until Nancy calling out Steve's name that you shake your mind from your thoughts. Had they not spoken since Friday? Maybe Nancy is trying, she did ask what happened at the party and you feel that it's obvious. Billy looks from Steve to you and you shake your head, a small smirk is founded on his lips. The coach lets everyone on a break.

“What's with the silent treatment?” Billy asks saddling up against you, his sweaty arm rubbing against your jacket.

“Nothing Billy, I am fine,” you reply, looking at your book. He knits his eyebrows together in confusion.

“Come on, did I do something,” he mewls with a pout. You roll your eyes. There is a three-minute break and you couldn't bottle it in any further, he is going to annoy you to the point where you'll scream at him right here.

“Meet me outside now,” you say, bookmarking the page and making your way out of the gym.

You can hear Nancy and Jonathon talking around the side so you move the other way. Billy is making dumb jokes to his friends who you can hear laughing inside and you try your best not to cry.

“You want to know what’s wrong?” You ask him and he shrugs.

“I mean I guess, I’ve had fun with you, why are you like this now Y/N...”

“You almost fucking hit my sister,” you say shoving him.

“What are you talking about?”

“You were driving and my sister was with Dustin, Lucas and Mike and you almost fucking hit her!”

The tears are prickling at your eyes, you wouldn’t know how you’d react if you lost your sister.

“That was your sister? She had her hoodie on, maybe I thought it was the other punk kid!” Billy replies and you shake your head.

“Fuck you, Billy, you almost hit my fucking sister and you’re not saying anything, you didn’t apologise, you didn’t fucking do anything, Billy, you nearly fucking killed her and you’re being fucking defensive!” Your voice is now raising.

“Look, I’m sorry alright, I’m sorry, can we talk about this later?” He says grabbing onto your hands.

You know time’s up and you sigh, you let go of his hands and he moves past you back inside, you run a hand through your hair. You put your back against the wall and let yourself cry, you swear you aren’t outside for long until you hear some guy runs out near the break between rooms to call to Harrington. Steve runs into the gym to continue his game.

“Y/N...” you hear Nancy’s voice call to you and you look up to see her holding onto her books swaying. You scootch over and pat the ground next to you.

“What really happened Friday night?” She asks as she slides down next to you.

You stare at the book in your lap, wiping away the tears around your eyes. “Uhm, well, we both got drunk, but you were worse off, you

went back to get some more I think, I was dancing with Billy. Then there was a splash and you had the red drink all over your white shirt. You went to the bathroom, Steve chased after you and I came in last, and you started talking about things being bullshit. You uhm-

“Y/N...”

“You mention how a serial killer killed your friend, Barbara, that you and Steve killed her because she was outside, and you then said you didn’t love Steve and he left. I stayed behind and gave you a hug, Jonathon came in, we helped you into his car and he dropped you off home. He said something about Steve asking him to take him home or something, and then I got a lift home from Billy.”

“You got a lift home from Billy?” She asks, her mouth open.

You shrug your shoulders, “how is that the one shocking thing from what I just told you?”

“Hey, there’s a lot of things to digest there,” Nancy begins. She sighs and stands up offering you a hand, “but just make sure you don’t do stupid stuff with him, look after yourself.”

“I will.”

The two of you hug, and it feels solid, it feels nice. She makes her way to her class and you make your way back to gym class picking the pages where your bookmark sat and continued to read.

Astrid: I can’t come after school, I’m doing things with the gang and Max!

You: Oh sure, are you going to be okay? Want me to just hang around the library? I can tell Steve to wait with me...

Astrid: Yeah, I’m fine, I’ll call mom to come and get me.

You: Alright, let me know if things are okay!

“You ready?” Steve asks as he bumps into you in the hallway, you’re grabbing some homework you have to do.

“Sure am, movie time!” You say with a big grin.

You didn’t see Nancy in your other classes, maybe she felt sick? You aren’t too sure. The two of you make your way out of school and to your car, putting things in your passenger side.

“I’m going to drop some of my stuff off at home and grab some snacks and DVD’s and I’ll be at your lickity split!” Steve says with a grin.

“Steve,” you say between laughter, “who says lickity split anymore?”

“I do, Steve Harrington does!” He replies pointing at himself and you can’t help but continue to laugh. Moving over to the driver’s side you wave at Steve, “I’ll message you when I’m leaving and such!” He yells before running to his car, waving himself.

You notice Billy out of the corner of your eye, he’s standing next to Vickie and you can’t help but watch, he’s smoking a cigarette and staring at you. You didn’t really have time or effort to talk to him after the little spat. You frown and sit in the car, turning your music up loud, this time it’s Queen, and driving past Billy and Vickie. She stares you down, making it seem like she’s happy that she is able to get with Billy before you could.

Billy, on the other hand, is only going to fuck her and leave her, it is a simple procedure he has with every one nightstand. He doesn’t actually love the woman, only trying to find an outlet, only trying to find a way out of this crazy town and it’s through women. Teenagers like him. Billy doesn’t actually care, he just needs something to fill his heart, and in this week or so of you knowing Billy, you sure aren’t

over him, and he isn't over you.

Notes for the Chapter:

This isn't going to turn into like a Steve/You/Billy fic, like Steve and you are strictly friends and he knows it. But oh man, I need more poly Steve/Reader/Billy in my life haha.

5. The Movie

Summary for the Chapter:

You and Steve watch movies together, and later that night Billy calls you to talk about what happened on Halloween.

Notes for the Chapter:

Sorry, it's been a long weekend for me, but I'm back! Using the L/N thing, use InteractiveFics on Chrome (if you have it) to change it to your last name.

Ding, dong

A big grin on your face as you make your way to the door. Your mum is still at work, and surprisingly Brian isn't home, maybe out at band practise or something. He's trying to make it as a big-time drummer, but you doubt he'll go anywhere. He talks about how he was in a big band in the 80s, but you roll your eyes at that.

"Steve hi!" you say with the same smile.

You open the door a little wider to let him in and he makes his way in, taking his shoes off and leaving them by the door.

"So, I got our favourite snacks, some Coke Zero, cause I know you like that, and some DVD's," he says as you make your way to the living room. You could stream things on Netflix or some other streaming platform, but it got crazy choppy. You don't understand how the kids deal with it.

"Which DVD's?" you ask. You forgot cups, running into your kitchen to get some you come back into the living room as Steve sits in front of the DVD player.

"I got the new Captain America: The Winter Soldier movie, The Wolf of Wallstreet and Monsters University..." he trails off showing you the cases.

“Ooo, I really like Leo, he’s kind of hot in an old man kind of way, put that in!”

Steve listens and puts the DVD in, you turn on the TV and change it to the DVD player and press play again. Opening the coke and pouting some in yours and Steve’s drink, then opening the M&M packet and putting some in your hand.

You didn’t realise how raunchy this movie would get, lots of sex and using the word Daddy, your mind lingers, to the idea of calling someone like that Daddy. You had your own issues with your Dad, you didn’t see him on weekends anymore due to how far away you two are, but he also works a lot, you still call him and see him on holidays, though you’ve come to resent him half the time, finding a family of his own.

“Would you ever let a girl call you Daddy in bed Steve,” you ask him. Steve spits out the coke in his mouth.

“What?”

You can’t help but laugh, Coke stains on his shirt, “would you let a girl you’re seeing call you Daddy?”

“No, why?” he asks. You shrug your shoulders.

“I’m just curious, isn’t that a thing that guys enjoy being called though?” You ask him.

You’ve heard countless times, girls in the hallway calling Billy Daddy, and even before he came to school, some would even call Steve that.

“Can you keep your curiosities away?” He asks before laughing and you join in on the laughter.

Once the movie is over you suggested Monsters University, something more light-hearted and fun and Steve agreed. At least you wouldn’t see one of the monsters being called Daddy.

The front door unlocks and your mum comes in with a bag of shopping, she shakes her head and shivers slightly. You quickly get your head off Steve’s shoulder and he readjusts himself, clearing his

throat slightly.

“You will not believe the day I’ve had!” she calls out, imagining someone will listen, turning around she sees Steve there on her couch. “Oh Steve, hi!”

“Hi Mrs L/N!” he says with a smile.

“I didn’t know you were coming over today.”

“I sent you a text Mom,” you reply, she fishes her phone out of her pocket and notices the unread message from you.

You: Steve’s coming over, I’m consoling him after his breakup with Nancy. Love you!!!

“Oh, it’s right there, I’m sorry dear I didn’t see it, crazy, crazy!” she says as she makes her way into the kitchen to drop off the shopping. “Where’s your sister?”

“She’s with the gang, they’re doing something I dunno, she didn’t tell me much!” you yell back.

“Stop yelling can you act like a normal human?” Steve asks you and you shake your head.

“Nope,” you laugh.

Steve leaves and lets you have the leftover snacks, you managed to watch all three movies before dinner, giving him a hug you tell him you’ll see him tomorrow.

“I really enjoyed tonight, we should do it again sometime!” he says and you nod your head.

“Oh most definitely!”

Dinner was without Brian tonight and you couldn't feel happier, Astrid got home a little after your mum did, you aren't too sure how, but you didn't question it until she came into your room before bedtime.

"Something happened to Will, they were saying it was like two episodes in two days, what does that mean?"

You turn your book to close it, along with your laptop and stand up making your way over to your sister.

"I'm not too sure, did you ask them what they meant?"

"Yeah, Max and I did, but they just ignored the question."

"Hmm..." you hum, trying to figure out what they mean but you shrug your shoulders. "I'm not too sure Astrid, maybe ask again? I need to go to sleep..." you trail off and she sighs.

"Night."

And you do sleep, and it would've been an uninterrupted slumber if you hadn't got a phone call. Checking the time it says 12:01 am, and it's from the one you don't want to hear from.

"What? It's midnight Billy, I am so tired..." you groan into the phone.

"Come outside!" he replies almost coldly. You look out your window to see Billy leaning on his car smoking a cigarette that you can hear being burnt through the phone.

"No, I'm going back to sleep Hargrove!" you're about to end the call before Billy talks again.

"I'm here to talk aren't I?" you sigh.

"Fine, you've got five minutes," you say, ending the call before groaning again.

You find some pants to put on and a jumper before opening your door to go to the front door. The TV is still playing something, your

Step-Dad, now home, snoring away on the couch. Slowly opening the front door you slide out and close it behind you, making your way over to the stupid boy who causes you nothing but trouble.

"I thought we already spoke about it," you grumble, not wanting another word from him.

"Cute PJs, I'm surprised you don't sleep naked," he says looking you up and down. You roll your eyes.

"I wasn't wearing pants but you made me come outside, so sadly, I have to wear pants."

He brings the cancer stick to his lips and inhales, before slowly exhaling.

"You and Harrington?"

"Friends."

"Friends don't look at each other like that."

"Aren't we friends?"

"I don't do friends, I don't do friends with chicks."

"So what?"

"Answer me. You and Harrington have got to be fucking?"

"No. God no. He's a brother to me." Your arms cross over your chest as you look back at the house, no one has come over, but the front light automatically came on when you left.

"Alright, noted."

There's a pause between the two of you and Billy sighs, running a hand through his hair. He is quite pretty you have to admit, and you two are starkly opposite, your short hair, his long hair, he has quite long eyelashes and yours are a decent length. You wonder if he often got teased because of his look, that maybe he's this macho guy because he doesn't want to be seen as gay. Hawkins isn't necessarily

homophobic, but you meet those kinds of people, especially your Step-dad.

"I'm sorry for almost running your sister over, I was trying to rile Max up, make her know who sent us here. I wasn't going to hit them."

"Yeah, but you almost did, my sister was scared to tell me what happened, Billy!" you reply.

Billy sighs and shifts his body weight, "I'm sorry, okay?"

"Okay, but you've gotta tell my sister that, you're only telling me this so I don't kill you myself."

"Kinky."

"Billy."

"What?"

You pierce the bridge of your nose, Billy pulls you in by your waist. It's like this morning except you're that girl, but there's no one to take away his attention, it's all on you.

"Say you're sorry to her."

He's silent and takes another drag, "fine."

"Thank you," you say with a smile, he doesn't mirror yours. "Did you fuck Vickie?"

"Did I fuck her? Why do you want to know? How good she felt sliding up and down on my cock, or how her lips felt wrapped around it? Moaning my name?" Billy says in almost a purr. Your face goes a shade of red and Billy smirks.

"I'm just curious, I don't want the details!" you say looking away, he uses his fingers to tug your chin back and face him.

"I did but she wasn't very good, moaning like a pornstar that was only there for a cheque, and she also faked it," he admits.

You nod your head, “didn’t need the details but okay.”

“You asked!”

“Only if you fucked her.”

There are a few barks from dogs outside, not your own, she is wrapped up with your sister.

“I’m going back to bed Billy, goodnight.” You don’t turn around, Billy’s still holding onto you. “What?”

“Let me make it up to you, I come over tomorrow night, have dinner with your family, apologise to your sister and we can have some fun.”

“Billy, I have a single bed,” you pause realising what you’re saying, “I’m not sleeping with you, Billy. You can come over to apologise under the guise of doing homework, and that’s it!”

“What about dinner?”

“Fine you can have dinner, but don’t piss off my Step-Dad, he’s the type of guy you don’t want to piss off.”

“Believe me, I know.”

You stare at Billy, his comment you aren’t too sure means. He sighs, stamps out the cigarette and lets you go.

“Goodnight, Billy.”

“Goodnight, Y/N.”

You watch him leave before entering your house, while you are a little mad at him still, you can’t help but be happy. You just hope that he sincerely apologises, because for the most part ... you kind of like Billy, in his stupid fuckboy attitude.

“Who’s that?”

You jump at the sound of your Step-dad, who is sitting on the couch,

the TV's volume is turned down but you could still see the flashes of colour. You hold onto your heart and try to stop it from beating so fast.

"I was just going outside to get some air."

"You aren't quiet and I saw a car there playing music Y/N, don't play dumb!"

"Brian, it was nothing, don't worry," you hush your voice not to wake up your sister and yourself. He narrows his eyes, usually, Brian is a heavy sleeper, but something must've woken him up.

"Y/N, what did the kid want? Is he bullying you? Are you buying drugs?" he asks you, making his way off the couch towards you.

"No Brian, I don't get bullied, and I'm not buying drugs, why should you be concerned, I know you go into the garage to smoke weed!"

He stops for a moment and balls up his fists, you make your way to your bedroom before he can say anything else and you close the door. You know he isn't going to come in, your Mum, while married to the guy, knows what is going on and she isn't turning a blind eye to it, even though it feels like that most of the time. You sigh and take off the slippers, pants and jumper you put on and crawl into bed.

You: You're going to have to not come around this late again, my Step-Dad caught me. Lucky he's in a good mood.

You don't expect a reply so soon, you wait up for another ten or so minutes and see a text.

Billy: Too bad, I had a whole bunch of late-night activities for us to do!

You: Shut up, I'm going to bed. You should be asleep too!

Billy: Zzz

Nancy: Hey, I won't be in class for a few days, got some personal stuff happening. Could you get the homework for me? Thank you so much Y/N, I owe you a girls night!

Gym class again, and again you hand another note written by your mother, and your gym teacher sighs.

"How many days do you deal with this?" he asks frustrated.

"I've had one for a whole week that was just total cramps and—"

"I don't want to know L/N, go sit on the bench."

You happily take your spot, with your book and you sit down and open it, taking in the world that the author built.

"Not playing again today?" you hear Billy talk to you.

"Yes Billy, I'm not doing it today, I have my period," you say almost sarcastically, it is a lie you don't have your period, it's a perk of being on the rod.

"Gross," he says.

"I'm lying you know," you reply to him with a roll of your eyes. You now look at him and he's not wearing a shirt again. How does he get away with that stuff?

"Naughty, I thought you were only a good girl?" he asks you, but you shake your head with a slight chuckle.

You turn towards him and smile, "wouldn't you like to know, huh punk?" you say winking, almost mirroring his winks he gives to everyone.

Billy just stares at you, he would've kissed you right then and there if he could've. But before he could even lean in, the coach blows his whistle wanting everyone to come to the court and play. You laugh and turn back to your book.

Five or ten minutes into the game when you hear Billy yell, "All right! All right, all right!" Like he's some sort of Matthew McConaughey impersonator.

"King Steve. King Steve, everyone."

You roll your eyes and go back to your book but before you could even read the word you last read, you see Billy knock Steve onto the ground. But it was like that yesterday but you knew Steve would get back up and he did.

After the game, Steve came up to you, dabbing his forehead with his towel.

"You need to stop letting him push you around Steve," you reply stuffing your bookmark into your book.

"Who? Hargrove? It's fine, it's just friendly competition!" he says shrugging it off.

"Steve, one of these days he's really going to hurt you!" you say standing up.

"I'll be fine," he says and you sigh.

"Whatever you say."

"Whatever you say."

6. The Study Date

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy comes over to your place to study.

Notes for the Chapter:

Sorry, it's been rather chaotic in my world, but here's the chapter! Next chapter is like over 3k words so you'll have fun with that.

The showers in the gym boy's locker room go off, Steve stands under it while Billy is next to him and Tommy in front.

"Don't sweat it, Harrington. Today's just not your day, man."

'What the fuck does that even mean?' Steve thinks to himself, ignoring the two as he cleans off the sweat.

"Yeah. Not your week," Tommy replies. "You and the princess break up for one day, she's already running off with the freak's brother."

There's laughter and Steve smiles slightly, he didn't really care, to be honest, they had broken up, but if they're implying Nancy is a slut he doesn't care either because he knows.

"Oh, shit. You don't know. Jonathon and the princess skipped yesterday. Still, haven't shown. But that must just be a coincidence, right?" Tommy leans against the cool metal of the shower before laughing again like he's auditioning for the role of The Joker.

"Don't take it too hard, man." Billy is now drying off, looking from Tommy to Steve. "A pretty boy like you has got nothing to worry about. Plenty of bitches in the sea. Am I right?" Billy turns off the shower for Steve and pats him on the shoulder.

"He's probably already fucking Y/N," Tommy says running a towel through his wet hair. Billy tenses his hand.

"Tommy, don't you fucking say her name," Billy says.

"Their, Y/N likes their," Steve finally speaks.

"Whatever," Tommy says rolling his eyes walking off.

Billy sighs and tenses his jaw too, leaving a smirk, "I'll be sure to leave you some," he says before walking away.

"So, are you still on for tonight?" Billy asks you as you stood at your car waiting for your siblings.

"I mean, yeah," you reply, not really caring. You're worried for Nancy, it is a little weird that she's taken a few days off now, maybe she's got some family stuff, but you did see Mike.

"Great, I'll drop Max off and then get my books and come around?" he steps closer to you and you look away from him, noticing your sister, Max and Lucas talking, looked kind of serious.

Max and Astrid come over, Max on her skateboard, and you smile at your sister. Looking at Billy, making eye contact for him to do what he needs to do. Billy steps away from you, your cars are next to each other, something Billy must've planned this morning.

"Hey there Astrid, good day?" you ask her and she shrugs.

"Astrid," Billy says and she looks at him, knitting her eyebrows together, "I want to say I'm, I'm sorry for Halloween, I was a bit tired and obviously didn't do the right thing, so I'm sorry." A smile forms on his face, whether it's fake or not you couldn't tell.

Astrid smiles and nods her head, "Thank you, Billy."

"Billy's going to drop Max off and then he'll come around to study just so you know!"

Astrid grunts and goes to the passenger side of the car and opens it up getting in.

"I guess I'll see you soon, text me when you're nearby?" you ask him and he nods.

You get in the car and the music begins to play as your car turns on and drives away, Billy watches you before his eyes go to Lucas.

"What's up with Lucas?" you ask her and she shakes her head. She's keeping a secret and you know she's keeping it, but not saying anything. "Astrid?"

"It's nothing Y/N, it's nothing."

"Hey, Billy!" you say with a grin, welcoming him in your house. He smiles at you with a wink as he walks in.

The boy is wearing a silk shirt with three buttons unbuttoned, leather jacket and blue-washed jeans. Almost like he's trying to be James Dean. He takes his shoes off at the door and holds his books. Maybe he really did need to study with you, because he had already apologised to Astrid.

"Hey there, Billy."

You look over and see your Step-dad next to you, his hand on your shoulder and you look up before smiling to Billy. He is someone who's nice one way or terrible the other way. It's one of the worst things about him, you love your Step-dad, he is there for you in some aspects, but some days it gets too toxic for you, and you need out.

"Oh, hello Mr L/N!" Billy says holding his hand out, you are quite taken aback by his nature at the moment, it feels completely different.

Brian chuckles before shaking Billy's hand, "that's Y/N's father's name, please call me Brian!"

"Okay, we're going to go study in my room, the door will be open!"

Bye!” you say taking Billy’s hand in your own before moving down to your room.

“The door better be open!” Brian yells.

Brian is Christian, and you have nothing bad about religion, you have friends who are religious themselves, but you didn’t like him for his view on it. That and he treats you like you’re his kid when you’re not.

“You know, Y/N,” Billy begins as he puts his books on the desk, “your room is kind of cool.”

You have photos of bands on your walls, and photos of some actors and actresses, a bass guitar in the corner of your room, a bookshelf lined with books, video games, DVDs. You shrug your shoulders.

“It’s just my room, I guess,” you say. You didn’t really see it as a perfect room, but maybe he saw it as something else because of his home life.

You can’t lie, you’ve seen the way his lip is busted, or a bruise on his body when he’s shirtless during gym class. Maybe he’s just getting into fights, but you wonder if he’s getting abused at home like you are, you want to reach out and ask him, but you know he’ll bark at you.

“What?” he asks you, you didn’t realise you’d been staring at him, you shake your head.

“Oh nothing, just zoning out!”

You chuckle lightly. You grab the book you’re reading for English class and take your phone, putting on music from The 1975 and The Neighbourhood.

“Alright, let’s do this!” you say with a grin on your face and Billy chuckles before rolling his eyes.

“Do we have to?” he asks taking the book from the stack of books.

“Yes, Billy, we have to.”

The two of you sit down on your bed as the music plays in the background, you point out specific sections in the book that are important from your notes. Billy looks from the book to you and he can't help but smile. You look up at him as you're talking and he just looks back at the book quickly.

You could feel the electricity between the two of you, you're sitting right next to him, your thighs are touching and you honestly wanted to die. Billy is such an arsehole and you want to kill him some days, but his eyes are so beautiful and how long his eyelashes are, the pout of his pink lips. God, he's so gorgeous.

"So, then why did she not get the plague then?" Billy asks you, you shrug your shoulders.

"I don't know," you say pinching the bridge of your nose, "this book is dumb and I hate it."

"But, you told me we had to do this," he asks, his brows knitting together.

"Because it's important to do this essay and learn this book, it's dumb but we just, have to do this..."

Billy looks at you and sighs, "this is dumb!"

"Break?"

"Sure."

After a fifteen-minute break, you bring out some stuff to snack on and Billy smiles at you. You had some dark chocolate, chocolate chip biscuits, and some hummus and carrots and cucumber, healthy for your sake, you aren't too sure if Billy is going to have the hummus.

"Thank you, Y/N," he says, taking a biscuit and biting into it giving you a wink, and you swear your heart fell out of your mouth.

“N-no worries, Billy,” you say, stumbling over your words.

You put the plate on the desk and sit on the floor on your stomach on your phone. Playing a silly little game. Billy, on the other hand, lies on your bed, texting Tommy mostly.

“Hey, Billy,” you ask looking from your phone to him, you turn around and lean your palm against your head, with your elbow against the carpet.

“Yes, dear?” he asks like the two of you are already dating.

Billy turns around to face you and places his phone in his pocket, he smiles sweetly at you, hoping you are going to ask to hook up.

“Is everything okay at home?”

Billy tenses, he sits up and sighs. “It’s fine.”

You sit up and move over to the bed, placing your hand above his, he looks away and you move his head to look at you.

“Billy, please tell me, you might be a bit of an asshole, but I want to know,” you plead for him to talk to you.

“I’m fine.”

“You’re not, I notice the bruises and cuts, Billy, it’s quite obvious you know?” you tell him.

Billy gets up, taking his books and you follow before you hear your mother’s voice coming from the front door.

“Oh geeze, work was tough you know!” She calls, Billy and yourself pauses and looks at her.

“Hey Mom, this is my friend Billy, we were studying, he can stay for dinner right?” You ask holding onto Billy’s arm, making sure he’s nice to her.

“Oh, hello sweetie, sure you can Billy. I’m Y/N’s Mom, Trisha,” she says with a blush.

“Y/N didn’t tell me they have a sister!”

A deeper blush falls on your mum’s face and you roll your eyes, punching him softly.

“What?” He whispers in your ear, and there’s a shiver down your back. You want him to whisper in your ear more often now.

Your mum makes her way past you and into the kitchen as she begins to prepare dinner. Billy and yourself take up shop in the living room as your step-dad occupied the study, you’re watching silly shows while the two of you are on your own phones, your legs on his thighs, his hand behind his head as he stared at the phone. You don’t want to bring up what happened before, because this time, you don’t want him to leave and it’s so devastating that this is what it’s come to, you being silent because Billy won’t open up. Would he ever open up?

“Hey, Y/N,” Mike says. You’ve answered the phone with a call from Mike, you only had his contact for organising Dungeons and Dragons, but that’s been put on hold because of what’s happening to Will.

“Hi, Mike, what’s up?”

“Could you take me to Will’s? I want to check on him, but Nancy is somewhere and Mom and Dad are busy.”

“Sure thing.”

You’ve been to the Byers’ house a few times since knowing the gang. You’re friendly with Joyce, well you have to be, you’re looking after her son half the time. You walk into the house and notice papers of

tunnels, lots and lots of tunnels. Blue outlines and you feel that Joyce has gone crazy or something, but you don't say anything, fearing that it might upset her.

"He's in his bedroom guys," she says with a smile and you two nod your head walking over to the room where the sign *NO TRESPASSING* hangs.

"Hi, Will," you say with a wave and a smile, "are you feeling okay?" you ask him and he shakes his head, he moves over and gives you a hug. You never really got hugs from Will, and you're fine with that, some people just don't like to be touched.

But maybe Will just needs a hug from someone who isn't his mum. So you wrap your arms around him and hug him back. Will sits on his bed and sighs. You can now see the sweat on his face and chest, the little bit peeking out from the jumper he's wearing, the neck of it doused in sweat.

"Do you want me to stay here?" you ask and he nods his head.

"Are you sure, Will?" Mike asks him this time, obviously, this must be about what happened last year.

There's a pause and Will nods his head, you sit next to Will and rub his back, making sure he knows that there are people there who love him.

"I was, uhm..." Will trails off, "abducted, you heard about the serial killer tales right?" he asks and you nod your head, it was a concerning factor in if you and your family were going to move here, but the police department says that they located him, so everything is okay, right?

"It's like... it's like I feel what he's feeling. See what he's seeing."

Mike is looking at the drawings of the tunnels that continue into the room, "like in the upside-down?" he asks.

You didn't know what they're talking about, it all sounded insane, but you ignored it. This is something that they're sharing with you, letting you into their lives, and you know that it's something that

they don't want you telling anyone about, especially Astrid and Max.

"Some of him is there, but some of him is here, too."

"Here, like, in this house?" Mike asks.

"In this house and... in me."

Your hand squeezes his arm to signal that everything's alright, that you're here for him and Mike is too. Mike comes and sits next to Will, the three of you squished on his child-size bed.

"It's like... it's like he's reaching into Hawkins more and more, and the more he spreads, the more connected to him I feel."

"And the more you see these now-memories."

These terms are running over your head, "is it, something like post-traumatic stress disorder?" you ask Will and he shakes his head.

"I think he injected me with something, so now I'm getting all of these, things, images, that maybe he subjected me to, or something, I don't know. At first, I just felt it in the back of my head." Will moves his hand to his neck, touching it before he lets go. "I didn't even really know it was there."

There's a slight pause, both Mike and yourself are looking at Will, listening to his concerns. You look at Mike and widen your eyes, Mike mimics you and the two of you look back at Will as he continues to explain himself more.

"It's like when you have a dream and you can't remember it unless you think really hard. It was like that. But now it's like... now I remember. I remember all the time."

Will begins to shake, a tear rolling down his cheek and you can't help but squish yourself closer, holding onto Will a little tighter. Never wanting the poor kid to let go. If you were there last year, you would've killed the guy, hell, you want to kill him now.

"Maybe," Mike starts to say that shakes you out of your thoughts, "maybe that's good?"

“Good?” Both you and Will say at the same time looking at Mike like he is insane to suggest it.

“Just think about it Will, you’re like a spy now. A superspy. Spying on the Shadow Man. If you know what he’s seeing and feeling... maybe that’s how we can stop him.” Mike pauses to look around at the tunnel drawings, “maybe all of this is happening for a reason.”

Will does the same thing before looking at Mike, “you really think so?” he asks.

“Yeah. Yeah, I really do.” Mike smiles.

“Is it really? This sounds so science fiction!” you say, breaking up the two of them talking.

“It’s the only thing we’ve got, Y/N,” Mike replies and you sigh.

“Sure, sure, okay, so this shadow man, why is he like that? Shadow?”

“He was always in darkness, never got a read of the face,” Will says.

The three of you look down at a drawing and you notice it, the masculine figure, crowded in shadows, almost like he has more than two arms coming out of him.

“What if he figures out we’re spying on him? What if he spies back?” Will says in between snuffles. You hold him close to you, rubbing your hand up and down his arm.

“He won’t.”

“How do you know?”

Mike grabs Will's hand to calm him down, “we won’t let him.”

Will stays silent and you continue to rub his arm. You never know what’s going to happen, and shit in Hawkins gets stranger and stranger. It almost feels like you’re in a Stephen King book or some sort of comic book. You just want to play Dungeons and Dragons.

7. The Marrow Stalker

Summary for the Chapter:

You and your sister meet Lucas and Max at the junkyard, turns out your help is needed.

“So...”

Billy and you sit in your backyard staring at the stars, he trails off looking from the night sky to you.

“So...?”

It's the weekend and Billy decided to come over again to work on English stuff, you didn't mind necessarily. You're starting to like Billy again, and your parents seem to like him, which is always good in their books. Brian doesn't like Steve, says he's too gay, which you would reiterate and say he's dating Nancy, but now you can't really say it but try and defend him to your best ability.

Billy is cute, there's no denying, and you can't help but stare, the way he stares back at you, plump lips and the striking bright blue eyes.

“How are you finding Hawkins?” you ask him, it's been a couple of weeks since he moved.

“It's... good, yeah, good. Better, since I met you,” he says with a wink and you can't help but blush.

There's a buzz in your pocket and you fish out your phone and check the messages.

Nancy: You are honestly the best person ever, I'm staying one more night and I'll be back in Hawkins, tell me all the gossip and I will buy you a coffee!

You chuckle and shake your head, Billy raises an eyebrow hoping you're not talking to Steve. You look up at him and see his expression and you smile at him.

“Just Nancy, letting me know what she’s doing!” you tell him with a smile.

“Where’s she off to? I heard she’s with Byers,” he replies.

With a shrug of your shoulders, you reply, “I don’t know said there’s family stuff, but it’s kind of weird that Jonathon isn’t around...”

“Weird...”

You sigh and look up at the sky, it is slowly getting darker and darker as the night goes on. Your mum has gone to bed, Astrid too, Brian might still be up. You lean your head on Billy’s shoulder and sigh again.

“What are you thinking?”

“Why?”

You move your head to look at him, curious as to why he asks you a question like that.

“Mmm, because I’m curious, is that so bad?” he asks with a shrug of his shoulders. You move your head back to his shoulder and he adjusts himself to accommodate your head.

“Not thinking about anything really, but it’s nice right now, this is nice,” you tell him honestly and Billy smiles.

He isn’t necessarily looking to get into your pants now, he’s long passed that, but of course, if the occasion arises he won’t say no. This *friendship* the two of you have is sickly sweet, and Billy knows this, but it isn’t something he’s showing off at school. The two of you have English together and you often sit close together, to help him understand, he does the same with Maths classes too, you struggling to find where the x is and he’ll show you.

The two of you giggle a lot together, about the gossip of the school, what Tina did or who Carol is crushing on this week that isn’t her boyfriend. The two of you find solace in each other, he’s not caught onto the abuse you get from your step-dad, and Billy’s not told you about his own abuse. Maybe you’ll never know and he’s content with

that, as much as you're content with him not knowing about your own.

"When are you going to sleep?"

The voice startles you and you move away from Billy looking to the door where Brian stood looking at you, intently.

"Uhm... when I'm tired?" you replied, confused as to why he'd ask that.

"I don't want to stay up all night!"

"Then go to sleep? That's not my problem."

Gripping the doorknob tighter and clenching his jaw, Brian breathes through his nose like an angry bull and slams the door behind him, almost breaking the glass and waking up the whole neighbourhood.

It's silent, it's painfully silent and you put your head in your hands for a few moments before you hear Billy speak.

"I should get going I guess..."

' Please don't '

"Sure, I'll see you next time," you say not looking at him, not wanting to see the disappointment or loss of interest on his face.

Billy moves, but before he gets off the bench he kisses your crown then walks over to the gate to open and close it. You sigh, seconds pass, minutes, you hear the loud music come to life and the roar of the car before it makes its way home, nowhere near you. Driven by a man you didn't want to admit anything to.

God, you hate Brian.

"Y/N, Y/N!" You hear Dustin practically scream as you've answered the phone.

“Whaaaaat?” You trail off, not ready for whatever Dustin wants of you.

“Jesus Christ, I’ve been calling you and Astrid for hours, I need the two of you to meet Steve and me at the Old Junkyard.”

“Why are you with Steve?”

“Because I am, do you have any weapons at home?” Dustin asks and you look around your room.

“I mean, I have a bass guitar, a tennis racket, and a metal baseball bat...”

You wanted to play tennis as a kid, but then you decided baseball's a better option but then you got bored by both of them.

“Bring whatever, and meet us there, over and out!”

“Over and whatever...”

Letting Astrid know what is going on, the two of you get into the car and make your way to the old junkyard, you had been there with Steve and Nancy a couple of times, trying to find ways to let out your frustration about Brian. Using this bat with nails in them that Steve has, you never really ask about why he has it.

Stopping just outside the junkyard you sigh and look at your phone, playing with it.

“Y/N, what’s wrong?” Astrid asks you, looking at her you shake your head.

“Hmm? Nothing, nothing, let’s just go out and do whatever Dustin needs us to do...” you groan, and sigh again before typing out a message.

You: Busy today, call me if you desperately need me.

The junkyard itself is the same as it’s always been, odd cars stacked up and around, you’ve parked your car a couple of hundred metres from the actual junkyard and you stroll up with the metal baseball

bat behind your back, holding onto it like you're waiting to go up and bat.

"Lucas, Max, what are you guys doing here?" You ask as you come up to them, Lucas has his bike and Max doesn't have her skateboard with her, so you wonder if she got roped into this and got a ride in with Lucas, you doubt Billy would've dropped her off.

"Well, Stalker here—"

"Stop calling me that!" Lucas says through gritted teeth, you raise an eyebrow between the two.

"—Lucas, told me he had proof about something, so here I am!"

"Don't tell her everything!" Lucas whispers loud enough for you to hear, he looks at you and shakes his head, "them."

"What's going on?"

"Nothing. I guess Dustin got you into this?" he asks and you nod your head.

"Had to get Astrid in too apparently."

"Can I please go ho—"

The four of you hear voices and you look over to see Dustin and Steve and you can't help but smile. The two of them talking about something and begin to drop meat on the growing grass before Lucas opens his mouth.

"I said medium-well!"

The two look over to see the four of you, you and Lucas waves with a grin on your face.

"How's it hanging?" you yell from the hill you stand on as you begin to walk over, while Lucas brings his bike.

"The plan is to stockpile everything you find against the bus we're going to be in the bus, and we need to just do everything, grab

anything you can and just let's get to it."

The group of you start to do your thing, doing whatever Steve has suggested, but Dustin and Lucas go behind a broken-down red car.

"You told her?" Dustin says, "did you tell Astrid and Y/N too?"

"So what? I didn't tell the other two, they don't know about this, but who cares?"

"So what?" Dustin repeats Lucas' first line.

"You wanted to tell her, too."

Dustin couldn't believe this, at least Y/N and Astrid are in the dark, but who knows for how long, how long will they be in the dark for?

"But I didn't, all right? We all agreed not to tell her and look for Dart."

"Who you conveniently found..." Lucas trails off.

"Are you suggesting that I'm lying?" Dustin couldn't believe his best friend would accuse him of that.

"I'm saying you have a creepy little bond with him."

"Yeah, that was before he turned into a Marrow Stalker!"

"Marrow Stalker?"

"Marrow Stalker."

Lucas is silent trying to piece back where he had heard that word from before, "Y/N's session?"

"It looks like a Marrow Stalker, it's a dog but it has weird barbed things sticking out of it, it was just a puppy when I met it, but it grew weird!" Dustin replies.

"And you haven't heard from Mike?"

"No."

“Or Will?”

“No.”

“Hopper?”

“No! No one is around. Why do you think I’m with Steve Harrington?”

There’s a pause, and a sigh, Lucas looks down and shakes his head, trying to wrap everything in a nice neat box in his head.

“Something’s—”

“Wrong. I agree,” Lucas cuts off Dustin, “which is why we need as much help as we can get.”

You pass a metal plate to Astrid who leans it against the bus, bringing some over to max so she can do the same thing. You wipe the sweat off your brow, even though it's cold due to the exercising nature of this trip, you're breaking out a sweat.

“She didn’t believe me anyway,” Lucas says watching Max.

“You probably didn’t tell it right.” Dustin laughs, Lucas pauses before looking at Dustin and chuckling himself.

“That must be it.”

Lucas extends his hand and looks at Dustin, “so, we good?” But before Dustin could agree, Steve slams a metal chair against the back of the car, the three of you look up from where you are to the other three.

“Hey! Dickheads! How come the only ones helping me out is this random girl, Y/N and Astrid?” Steve asks. Max, Astrid and yourself giggle amongst you. “We lose light in forty minutes. Let’s go. Let’s go I said!”

“All right, asshole! God!”

“Okay! Stupid.”

You can't help but laugh with the two others as Steve, Lucas and Dustin make their way over to you. You all continue to stack things against the bus, going inside and working on the interior as well as up the top. Rolling barrels too.

"So, care to explain what's happening?" You ask Steve as the two of you douse meat with petrol.

"I can't explain, but you know how people are calling Will Zombie boy right?" You nod your head, "He was abducted by this guy, a real stand up guy, and so there was a body in the water that people thought was Will's but it turned out it wasn't and after Hopper and Will's mom did some investigating and with that weird science building on the outskirts, they were able to find Will, but the guy eventually came to the Byers' house, and then the school, it was crazy."

You stay silent, but nod your head, "that does sound crazy."

"Eventually the guy died, and he was taken back to the science place to do some testing and well, haven't heard anything since, but from what Dustin's been telling me, I don't think that guy was the one we should've looked out for."

The two of you stop as you make your way to the front of the bus and you nod your head, "that's why Will's been acting weird?" You ask and Steve shrugs his shoulders.

There's a buzz in your pocket but you ignore it. Hell, you don't even feel it.

Billy: Was wondering if you wanted to go out and do something tonight, cause some hell around town? How's that sound?

As the night draws closer, the six of you are cramped inside the bus. You're leaning against Steve's shoulder as you hold the bat in your hands and sigh. Steve is playing with his lighter, he doesn't smoke cigarettes as much as Billy, but the two of you have gotten high before.

“So you really fought one of these things before?” Max asks, you know she’s asking Steve. Your sister is up the top watching out with Lucas. You can feel Steve nod his head, as he stays silent. “And you’re, like, totally, 100% sure it wasn’t a bear?”

Steve told you about how the guy had little minions that are much larger, and you swear this is all science fiction, there’s no way in the laws of science, of real nonfictional science, that these things can exist. You wonder if they are bears. You wonder what they really are.

“Shit. Don’t be an idiot. Okay? It wasn’t a bear.”

“Dustin, don’t be rude to Max, she’s as clueless as Astrid and I are!” You say.

Steve watches on, and Max makes a face. “Why are you even here if you don’t believe us? Just go home.”

Astrid makes her way down the stairs and stops watching the two have a spat, “geesh. Someone’s cranky. Past your bedtime?” Max says. Astrid makes a face and points upstairs, Max follows and Astrid replaces Max’s seat.

“That’s good. Just show her you don’t care.”

“Steve, what the fuck are you talking about?”

“I don’t,” Dustin replies to Steve. Steve turns his head and you move your own so you’re not lying on his shoulder. You make a face before you see him winking at the younger kid, “why are you winking, Steve? Stop.”

“That’s not how you win someone over, Steve,” you reply. Astrid stays silent and uses her phone.

“Y/N, I know how to get the ladies!” Steve says with a smile.

“Steve, your last breakup ended up with you crying to me as we watched Monsters University, come on now,” you reply and Steve pouts, crossing his arms over his chest. You look over to Dustin and see a slight smile. “Come on now grumpy bum!”

“No.”

You giggle. You can hear Max and Lucas talking, talking about her family and you sigh. You feel the same way, you moving away from the coast, away from your Dad. Your town didn't have beaches like California, but what you did have, you miss it.

“Is everything at home okay?” Steve asks you and you shrug your shoulders.

“Could be better,” you reply, but before you continue, everyone hears a howling.

You make your way to look outside the little window that you and Steve had created. Both of you look out one window with Dustin and Astrid looking out the other.

“You see him?” Dustin asks.

You can feel the strands of Steve's hair tickle your cheek as he slightly shakes his head, “no.”

“Who?” You ask, but you're being ignored.

“LUCAS! What's going on?” Dustin yells.

“HOLD ON!” Lucas yells, while muffled.

You continue to stare outside to the fog. You heard Max call them waves and you have to agree with her, it's kind of peaceful, of course, the impending doom might be another thing but you don't think about that. There's a low growl, and you just stare. Your hand quickly finds its way to Steve's as you hold on tight, squeezing it like he's holding your hand while you're at the dentist.

“I've got eyes! Ten o'clock! Te-Ten o'clock!” Lucas yells, but you can't see anything, you can't see anything through this fog.

“There,” Steve says pointing out to you, and your eyes widen.

You can see a slight purple tinge to it, and spikes sticking out, like its bones cut out of its fur, its face replaced with a skull and you hold

onto your stomach.

“It’s a Marrow Stalker...” you trail off watching it. It is still shrouded by the fog, but you can still make out most of its striking features.

Steve looks at you and nods his head, “yeah the Marrow Stalker.”

“What’s he doing?” Dustin asks staring.

“I don’t know,” Steve replies shaking his head.

A slight rumble from the creature and a chittering of its tongue is loud enough for the six of you to hear.

“He’s not taking the bait. Why is he not taking the bait?” Steve asks anyone. You shrug your shoulders.

“Maybe he’s not hungry?” Dustin says.

“I don’t eat if I’ve had a big lunch,” Astrid replies and you nod your head agreeing with her.

“Maybe he’s sick of cow.”

“Should’ve gotten chicken then, Steve.”

The hair on your arms pricks up, along with the hairs on the back of your neck. You feel like someone is watching you, waiting for you to attack first. You rub at your arms and the nape of your neck to stop the sensation.

Steve steps back from the makeshift window, Dustin, Astrid and yourself look at him, he stares at the three of you for a second before moving away. You look at Astrid and Dustin.

“Steve? Steve, what are you doing?” Dustin asks, his voice pitching a little.

“Just get ready,” Steve says and chucks Dustin his lighter.

You scramble for your bat and hold onto it tightly, your knuckles turning a lighter shade than your original skin tone. Steve nods to

you and you make your way over to him, and he tells you what he's going to do. You look back at Astrid and smile, weakly but you tried your best to look tough.

Steve opens the bus door, holding onto his trusty nail bat, and you with your metal one and hold onto it, making your way slowly out of the bus. The door closes behind the two of you and you both creep out, holding onto your respectful bats, spinning it a few times from hand to hand.

You hear chittering coming from the creatures, Steve begins to whistle and you slap his arm slightly.

"It's obviously, not a dog!" You whisper through your teeth and Steve shrugs.

"Come on, buddy."

You weren't too sure why Steve wanted you out here since there's only one of them, but maybe having two to beat the living shit out of this creature is better than one. Steve repeats himself a couple of more times.

"Dinner time. Human tastes better than a cat, I promise."

If you didn't die and if Steve didn't die, you're sure about to kill him yourself. But you can see the creature clearly now, much smaller than the one you described in the DND session, but still bigger than your own dog.

The both of you swing your bat in unison like you're performing on stage for a crowd, but you weren't, you are performing for a dog you created in DND, but sadly, and quite gladly, you don't take credit for. But the fog clears, and it is **much** bigger than you expected. Steve stopped and you looked at him, your brows knitting together. You, on the other hand, is still confident that you can take down the Marrow Stalker, two against one, right?

That is until you hear the clang of something and you turn around, noticing another one on a beat-up car, and another one next to it.

"Steve, I don't think we're alone anymore..." you trail off.

“STEVE! Y/N! WATCH OUT!” You hear Lucas shriek.

“A little busy here!” Steve yells back.

“No, Steve, Steve!” You say trying to get his attention. You grab his jacket but he shrugs it off, preparing to fight the one in front of you two.

“THREE O’CLOCK! THREE O’CLOCK!” Lucas screams.

“Steve, Steve, listen to us, you need to turn around.”

You stare at one of them who is slowly making its way to you. It licks its non-existent lips like it’s been craving human flesh for centuries. It jumps up on another car, and Steve turns around quickly to see it. It begins to growl and you start to shake. This isn’t your idea of fun.

“STEVE, Y/N, ABORT! ABORT!” Dustin and Astrid scream from the bus.

The creature in front of you growls louder this time, opening its mouth as it howls, making the others around you howl too. They all begin to run up, Steve darting out of the way, and you jumping behind it, the two of you are now split up. But your plan is to make your way back to the bus.

8. The Babysitters

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy gets excited to see you, meanwhile, you're trying to find where the Marrow Stalkers go.

Notes for the Chapter:

tw: f slur, physical abuse

You narrowly avoid all the creatures, eventually, the two of you caught up. You hit one of the creatures with your bat, a loud '*ting*' reverberates off it. Steve needs to making his way to you, to make sure you're safe. To make sure you don't die.

You can hear everyone yelling at you for you to come back to the bus, you could see the concern on your sister's face and you fight more of the creatures off. You run like you're back playing baseball, you jump in the bus first with Steve second, he slams the door on one of the dogs faces. You scramble to your sister and hold onto her tight.

Everyone's screaming, Max asks if they're rabid. Steve holds a metal piece of sheet with his feet, making sure the creatures don't get in. The bus begins to rattles and your sister holds you closer. Tightening her grip around you. The arm of one of them gets in and swipes, Steve hits it with his bat, and the rest of you scatter to the other end of the bus. You make your way to middle and hold onto your bat. Dustin is screaming into his walkie talkie.

A loud bang is heard from the back, "GUYS, GET HERE," you scream.

Then it's silent until seconds later loud bangs hit the roof of the bus. Max watches it, as it slowly makes its way to the open latch. You hear the sounds of the Marrow Stalker and Max's scream. You move over and stare at it as it opens its face, you tell Max to move.

"COME ON YOU FUCKER!" You scream at it holding onto your bat,

moving it, the beast moves with it, screaming at you as you scream back.

And then it stops.

It looks away from you.

And you stare back.

Waiting for its next move.

It gets off the ladder, growls and gets off the roof. You watch and wait, the bus rattles again with movement, there's wailing in the distance and you slowly make your way up the ladder, your sister holds your hand and looks at you.

"I'll come back down if it's unsafe okay?" She nods her head.

The distant wails of the creatures echo throughout the junkyard and you make your way up, seeing a few of the wheels had fallen off the bus, the creatures making their way into the forest.

You hear Steve opening the door, it pops and he jumps, you see one of the creatures sniffing around and you stare at the rest of the group.

"What happened?" Lucas asks.

"I don't know," Max replies.

"Beats me," says Astrid.

"Steve and Y/N scared 'em off?" Dustin replies.

"No."

"Fuck you, Harrington, I'm scary," you say from the top of the bus.

He smirks, "no way. They're going somewhere."

Loud music plays in his room as he makes himself ready. He doesn't hear from you but imagines you're playing too hard to get. He smirks at himself in the mirror.

"Hey, Y/N, I didn't hear from you, you were probably studying or something, but let's go and get something to eat, or we could go see a movie?" Billy pauses and sighs. "Stupid, why would she even go out with you?"

Billy shakes his head and rubs at his eyes before applying cologne, and his deodorant, playing with his hair slightly as a cancer stick dangles from his mouth. He doesn't hear his dad and Susan come home, he doesn't hear Max open her bedroom window and leave with Lucas, he doesn't pay attention to anything at all and is in his own world.

In his own world with you.

"Damn, Y/N, you're looking good, maybe we should go get a bite? How's that sound?" He says in the mirror. Looking him over, from his chest to his arse. He would fuck himself if he could, of course, if his self had tits and a vagina because he's not gay.

"Billy?" Susan yells over the music as she knocks on his door.

"Yeah, I'm a little bit busy in here, Susan."

They're late, Billy is a bit sick and tired of looking after Max while they did God knows what.

"Open the door. Right now."

Billy tenses, taking a puff out of the cigarette he leaves it hanging in his ashtray. Making his way over to his door, he opens it up. Seeing his dad and stepmum standing there, his dad looks pissed, but Susan, on the other hand, looks concerned.

"What's wrong?"

"Why don't you tell us?" Neil says, scanning his son's room for

another girl.

“Because I don’t know!”

“We can’t find Maxine.”

“And her window’s open.”

Billy looks away from them, he doesn’t really care about Maxine enough to look after her every move. She’s not a child.

“Where is she?” Neil demands.

Billy looks back at the two, “I don’t know.”

“You don’t know?” Neil replies, before scoffing at his son’s answer.

Billy doesn’t have time for this, “Look, I’m sure she just, I don’t know, went to the arcade or something. Or hanging around Y/N’s sister...” he didn’t remember your sister’s name, but you’re sure Max told her mum about her. Billy makes his way away from the door, back to the closet.

“I’m sure she’s fine,” he adds.

Neil follows, “you were supposed to watch her.”

Billy grabs a brown leather jacket and sighs as he puts it on, “I know, Dad. I was. It’s just you guys were three hours late, and, well, I have a date.” He sighs again. He knows how this will go. “I’m sorry, okay?”

Maybe a sorry can help, not like it’s worked before, but maybe a sorry gets him out of this.

“So that’s why you’ve been staring at yourself in the mirror, like some faggot instead of watching your sister?” Neil replies, his arms crossing over his chest.

It isn’t like Billy hasn’t heard that before, but it still hurts to hear it. But that’s when Billy breaks, “I have been looking after her all week, Dad. Okay? She wants to run off, then that’s her problem, all right?”

She's thirteen years old. She shouldn't need a full-time babysitter." Billy goes over to the laptop and presses stop, "and she's not my sister!"

It's like time came to halt. Neil grabs onto Billy's jacket and pushes him against one of the large cabinets in his room. Billy just stares at his dad, stares at the man he's become. Billy swears to himself each day, that he won't become his dad.

"What did we talk about?" Neil asks politely like this isn't happening. Billy's silent and Neil slaps him across the face, the pain searing through. Susan winces, Neil grabs onto his son's chin, aligning it back to look at him.

"What did we... talk about?" His voice lowers this time.

"Respect and responsibility."

"That is right. Now, apologize to Susan."

Billy stares at his dad, wanting another slap, trying to see if his dad is all talk. Not like he hasn't come to school with a bruised eye before and a busted lip, bruised ribs and thighs. Susan sighs, she wants to step in but doesn't know what Neil will do to her.

"I'm sorry, Susan."

"It's okay, Neil, really—"

"No, it's not okay!" Neil interrupts her, "nothing about his behaviour is okay. But he's gonna make up for it. He's gonna call whatever whore he's seeing tonight and cancel their date."

Billy's knuckles form into fists, he wants to punch his dad for saying that, but he just stares and lets it happen; like someone's taken over his body that he can't control.

"And then," he continues, "he's gonna go find his sister. Like the good, kind, respecting brother that he is. Isn't that right, Billy?" He can feel the tears welling up, trying to break from his eyes, "Isn't that right?" Neil screams in his face.

His brows knit together, “yes, sir.”

A whisper.

Neil sighs, this time deeper, the sound your parents make when you’ve done something to disappoint them.

“I’m sorry, I couldn’t hear you.”

“Yes, sir.”

Louder.

“Find Max.”

Susan looks at Billy for a second, wanting to go over, but she knows what’ll happen. She closes the door behind her. The tears break and he can feel them run down his cheeks, throwing his keys to the side he brings his hands to his eyes.

He just wants a good night with you, just you.

All six of you have been walking for some time now, Astrid and Max in the back, Lucas and Dustin in the middle and you and Steve in the front. Lucas and Dustin are arguing (and have been for some time) about whether or not Dart is there or not. Max mentions how small he was, and Dustin talks about him being moulted.

“Molted?” Steve and you say at the same time.

“Molted. Shed his skin to make room for growth like hornworms.”

Dustin and Steve have flashlights, you could use your phone, but you want to save battery. Max asks when he’s moulting again and Dustin tells him soon. But you all soon stop because Lucas is freaking out about it eating a cat.

“In DND, it could eat about anything, I lowered the level down for

you guys, but it has a challenge rating of eight, and immune to acid damage, you guys would've died!"

"What are you talking about? He ate Mews."

Almost in unison, Max, Astrid and yourself ask who Mews is.

"It's Dustin's cat."

"Steve!"

You're confused as ever, but Lucas pushes Dustin and tells him about the fact that he kept the creature. Dustin tries to defend himself, and the four of you just watch him stumble over his lies. Until he finally admits.

"Guys, who cares, we have to go!" Max says and you nod your head.

"Come on, we're burning ... night light here!"

"I care! You put the party in jeopardy! You broke the rule of law!"

"So did you!"

"What?"

Steve rolls his eyes, "you told a stranger the truth!" Dustin flashes the light in Max's face, she scoffs.

"A stranger?"

The three begin to fight, but you hear screeching in the distance, you begin to walk first, making your way through the woods, Steve follows, "hey guys?"

You hear Steve shout again but you don't look back, you hold your bat tighter as you begin to run for it, hearing Max and Astrid's protests you hear the rest of them run after you. You come into a clearing, you can see more trees below and larger amounts of fog. The rest of the gang coming up behind you, you can see the flashlights on the ground.

“I don’t see him,” responds Dustin.

You can still hear the screeching from the creatures, Lucas brings out his binoculars to have a look around the woods in front of you all.

“It’s the lab,” he says, bringing his binoculars down, you look at him with a quirk of your eyebrow.

“The lab? We’re really that far out?” You respond.

“Yeah, and they’re going back home,” he replies.

You don’t know if they are genetically mutated dogs or they’re some supernatural being from the 5th dimension, but you know they’re not natural and maybe the lab can explain some things, questions you have.

Steve suggests that the gang heads towards the lab, and you nod your head, following the self-appointed leader. Throughout the clearing you get more and more anxious, gripping your bat ready to swing at the next thing that comes your way.

“Ugh!” your sister comments as she steps in a little bit of mud. “I did not ask for this!”

Moments later you can see the woods starting to open slightly, and you can see a car and two people, one of them screaming asking who someone is. But as you come out and make your way over, you see Jonathon and Nancy.

“Steve? Y/N?” They say in unison.

“Nancy?” Steve responds

“Nancy!” you scream with glee, dropping your bat and running up to her in a big hug, she smiles and embraces you in a tight hold like long lost family members who haven’t seen each other since the war.

“Jonathon?” Dustin asks.

You step back and make your way to your bat that Max hands to you, “What are you doing here?” Nancy asks, eyebrows narrowed, now

she seems more than angry. Steve repeats what she said.

“We’re looking for Mike and Will.”

“They’re not in there, are they?” Dustin asks

“We’re not sure,” Nancy says.

“Is this where Will goes? When he leaves early?” Astrid asks, Jonathon nods slightly and you hum.

“Why?” Jonathon asks.

But before anyone could answer him, there’s a loud screeching sound coming from the building. The lights flickering on and off, you don’t know what’s going on in there, and you don’t want to know. You just want to go home, curled up in a good book on your bed, wrapped up in a blanket with some hot chocolate.

But alas, Hawkins never really let you do that did it?

9. The Gate

Summary for the Chapter:

You finally meet the Girl Mike's been crazy about.

Notes for the Chapter:

OKAY so for some reason this was posted as chapter 10 and not chapter 9, so I'm sorry for some confusion, I was confused to as to how ch 9 can be close to the end of season 2 and yet, I had written two more chapters, so this is chapter 9 officially!

The lights turn on and you tap Nancy on the arm, noticing the flickering in the corner of your eyes, she passes through everyone and looks.

“The power’s back.”


Everyone stops talking and looks at the laboratory, Jonathon starts to run towards his car with everyone, including yourself, following after him. You watch him as he presses buttons, you assume he’s trying to open the gate. But nothing’s budging. Dustin tries and steps in but Jonathon doesn’t let him until the kid pushes through.

Your hands are on your head and you sigh, staring at the gate. “Come on, come on, come on,” you whisper, closing your eyes.

You hear a loud buzzing sound and then the sound of a rattling gate and you open your eyes and smile. Picking up your bat you sway from foot to foot.

“Jonathon and I are going to go to the front, we’ll let you know what’s happening!” Nancy said as she and Jonathon do just that.

It feels like it’s been a few hours, you’re on edge, but you sigh and twist your body until you hear Max yelling and then a honking and just as seconds ago you were thinking about seeing your best friend again, you're shoved into the back of a Hawkins Police Department official car.



In The Byers' house, you hold onto your sister as you sit on the floor amongst the paper of trails. Jonathon is talking to Will and the Chief, who you haven't really met all that often, is talking to someone about a Doctor. Hopper, the Chief, told your group about what happened to Bob and Astrid cried into your shoulder. You can still feel the dampness around your shoulder.

"Hey, Astrid, it's going to be okay, alright?" you say, smoothing down her hair, she nods her head.

"Yeah, I know, I just..."

"Just what?"

"Scared, for Will..." she trails off again. You sigh and nod your head, pressing her close to you again.

"So am I Astrid, so am I."

You look at Steve and he smiles apologetically back before walking into the kitchen, you take out your phone, your parents are probably worried about you, but it's dead.

"Have you got charge on your phone?"

"Mom?" Astrid asks and you nod your head.

"I've let her know you're staying at Nancy's and I'm staying at Max's," she says with a slight smile and you chuckle.

"Looks like I've raised you well!"

You can hear Mike yelling at Hopper with Hopper replying that we look for help. But you sit in silence and rub your sisters back.

"I'm glad you're safe," she says and you nod your head.

"I'm glad you're safe too, come on, let's join the others!"

Astrid gets up first and helps you up, you make your way over to the

gang in the kitchen and Astrid stands next to Max and Mike and you cuddle yourself up to Steve. Holding onto him tightly just so he can never leave you.

“Are you okay?” he asks as he shifts from you, you nod your head.

“Could be better, my phone could be charged, but I’m alive, and you’re alive and I care more about that than my stupid phone,” you say with a weak smile.

Steve nods his head and kisses your forehead like an overprotective brother would and brings you in a tight embrace. You smile into it, happy to keep this moment forever. The kids would usually make gagging noises or something, but you know that they’re too tired to do that, too tired to act like that.

Everyone watches as Mike walks back into the living room, you and Steve move away from the hug. “Did you guys know that Bob was the original founder of Hawkins AV?” he says.

“Really?” Lucas asks.

“He petitioned the school to start it and everything. Then he had a fund-raiser for equipment. Mr Clarke learned everything from him. Pretty awesome, right?”

Dustin and Lucas are both in agreement, and you smile.

“Sounds like an awesome guy, Mr Clarke is pretty smart so I can’t imagine someone even smarter than him!” you say. You know of Mr Clarke from the kids and Astrid telling you about him, and you’ve met Bob here and there but never had a full-on conversation with him, now you wish you did.

“We can’t let him die in vain.”

“Well, what do you want to do, Mike?” Dustin asks aggressively. “The Chief’s right on this. We can’t stop those Marrow Stalkers on our own.”

“Marrow Stalkers?” both Astrid and Max say at the same time.

“They look like the Marrow Stalkers in Y/N’s campaign!” Dustin cries.

“I found them online, I didn’t think that it’d actually be real!” you reply.

There’s silence, before Dustin talks again, “I mean, when it was just Dart, maybe...”

“But there’s an army now,” Lucas responds.

“Precisely.”

“His army.”

Mike is staring at the blue block and everyone looks at him, “his?” you ask turning your head slightly.

“What do you mean?” Steve responds

“His army,” Mike restates himself. “Maybe if we stop him, we can stop his army, too.”

Everyone follows Mike into Will’s room and he shows the drawing that Will made of the guy who captured him. Or the one ruling over the guy who captured Will.

“The Shadow Mister,” Dustin says handling the drawing. A man in black with two arms, but almost like there are things coming out the back of him, tentacles maybe?

“It got Will that day on the field.” So that’s what happened when Astrid was talking about stuff. “The doctor said it was like a virus, it infected him.”

“And so this virus, it’s connecting him to the tunnels?” Max asks.

“Does he go through the tunnels?” you ask.

“To the tunnels, monsters, the Upside Down, everything!” Mike looks at Max and you.

“Whoa. Slow down. Slow down,” Steve says and you’re willing to agree with him. You don’t have to understand everything but at least you’re getting somewhere.

“Okay, so, the shadow mister’s inside everything. And if the vines feel something like pain, then so does Will,” Mike says.

“And so does Dart,” Lucas adds.

“Yeah. Like what Mr Clarke taught us. The hive mind,” Mike says.

“Hive mind?” Steve and yourself say in unison before looking at each other and chuckling.

“A collective consciousness. It’s a super-organism,” Dustin tells us.

“And this is the thing that controls everything. He’s the brain!” Mike says showing us the drawing again.

“Like the Mind Flayer,” Dustin says, using DND terminology in association with this.

And everything snaps into place. Lucas clicks his fingers together and Mike smiles at Dustin.

“The what?” Max asks.

“What?” Steve too.

“Mind Flayer, they’re fucking brutal half the time, I was playing a Barbarian once, and it kept not letting me attack due to my wisdom being shit. Ended up almost killing the rogue!” You say.

Max and Steve just look at you, like you’ve gone crazy, you roll your eyes and Mike finds Will’s Monster Manual and flicks to the page about the Mind Flayer.

“The Mind flayer.” Dustin begins, as everyone is now in the kitchen, Nancy, Jonathon and Hopper have now joined your gang.

“What the hell is that?” Hopper asks.

“Never played Dungeons and Dragons?” You ask him with a smile, he looks at you before looking back at Dustin. You look at Steve and shrug it off.

“It’s a monster from an unknown dimension. It’s so ancient that it doesn’t even know its true home. Okay, it enslaves races of other dimensions by taking over their brains using its highly-developed psionic powers.”

“Oh, my God, none of this is real. This is a kids’ game.”

You can’t help but blush a tinge of red, you feel kind of embarrassed for liking this stuff.

“No, it’s a manual. And it’s not for kids. Y/N plays for us, they’re the DM! And unless you know something that we don’t, this is the best metaphor—”

“Analogy,” Lucas says, the two have a little argument before Nancy comes in.

“Okay, so this mind flamer thing—”

“Flayer. Mind flayer,” Dustin interrupts.

Nancy sighs, “what does it want?”

“To conquer us, basically. It believes it’s the master race,” Dustin answers her question.

“Like the Germans?” Steve says, and you can’t help but snort a little bit.

“Uh, the Nazis?” Dustin corrects him.

“You were never really any good at history Steve,” you say with a chuckle, and he becomes a little flustered.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah, the Nazis.”

“Uh... If the Nazis were from another dimension, totally.”

Dustin goes on to talk about the Mind Flayers, along with yourself and Mike. Lucas chimes in talking about the destruction of the world. Nancy mentions killing it and Mike mentions that everything would die.

“They’re right, we have to kill it.”

Joyce looks so beaten up, and you really can’t blame her. You sigh and nod your head.

“I want to kill it.”

But you all don’t know how to kill it, but Will does.

Everyone starts building everything up, to take on this creature. You’re with Astrid compiling a lot of stuff from the other rooms no one got to.

“Hey, Y/N...” she asks, as she bundles up some plastic in her hands.

“Yeah?”

“Do you like Billy? Like, in love like?” she asks and you blush, looking away.

“Why would you say that?”

“Because I see the way you look at each other, I think he really likes you too, and if you decide to date him, I’d be okay with it, I guess,” she says before walking off.

You can’t help but smile to yourself. You hadn’t thought about Billy, but hopefully, everything is okay with him.

You help put up and place everything you found with Astrid, helping Nancy, and Joyce, Hopper and Steve, the kids, everyone. It’s a joint effort. Turning this shack into something that you wouldn’t even remember is a shack. Once everything is put up, you and the kids go inside the house, away from what is happening.

“Everything is going to be okay,” you say to Dustin, he looks frazzled.

“I know, but I’m just—”

“Everything will be fine Dustin,” you say to him and hug him before making your way to the living room.

Hopper comes back with Joyce, Mike and Jonathon and talks about how Will is in there, using Morse Code. Once they go back to figure out what Will is saying, Dustin jots down the code.

CLOSEGATE

The phone goes off and Nancy, like Superwoman rips it off and throws it. Max asks if he heard that, and Steve says it’s a phone. Moments later, you can hear the same screeching, as you heard before and Hopper comes in the house with a gun. You all move from the windows as Hopper yells at you and then asks Jonathon if he can use the gun, Nancy interjects that she can and catches it.

You have your bat in your hand and you stand next to Steve as he swings it. You grip it tight and ready a stance, ready to attack those dog creatures.

You can feel the screeching around you, there’s a loud thud, and someone (you can’t really keep track of who) asks what they’re doing. The rustling of bushes, snarling, everyone turns to sound, before turning again. You’re swaying on the balls of your feet, ready, waiting.

The creatures groan this time, and more screeches, until the window breaks. A Marrow Stalker comes in and everyone screams. You’re about to jump and attack it but it falls limp.

“WHAT THE FUCK?” You scream, but no one really dictates your language, as they’re all feeling the same way.

Hopper nudges it and it moves with the force of his foot, but that’s it and then there’s a creak, a turn of the lock, everyone readies their weapon of choice.

The sliding lock coming off.

And the door turns, slowly.

If this is the Shadow Mister they're talking about, you know you're not ready to die.

Not yet.

Not now.

The door opens, and in walks, like slow motion, a girl with dark hair, dark eyeliner, a leather jacket, jeans and converse shoes.

Blood trickling down her nose as if she got into a fistfight.

Everyone but you lower their weapons, Steve looks at you and instructs you do too, and you follow his order.

Mike pushes through you and the girl looks like she's about to cry. Like she's just come home, after being gone for so long.

10. The Search

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy makes his way to your house to ask where you and Max are, though he eventually finds his way to you.

Notes for the Chapter:

cw: wrong pronouns, Billy finds your sex toys

I am so sorry that this has taken me FOREVER to update, I was quite busy and I've finally finished my uni degree (of course, I've gotta submit those assignments), but I hope that you enjoy this update and there is more to come <3

The girl who came in is Eleven or El. You don't really question the name, as you've had a long and eventful night that someone can come in and be named Gonzo and you'll accept it as fact. Mike and El are cute, professing how he listened to her and you can't help but smile. Holding onto your bat everyone looks at Hopper and you follow their line of sight. Mike and Hopper go off and you and your sister make your way over to El after a few seconds.

"Uhm, hi, El, I'm Y/N and this is my sister Astrid, we moved a little after all this stuff first started happening."

She nods her head, "hello."

You aren't too sure on her story, just that she's kind of close with Mike, but you didn't know the full story and it isn't really in your place to know the full story, you make your way back to Steve.

"She's a bit quiet..." you trail off.

Steve shrugs his shoulders, "it's just, her, I guess..."

Ding Dong Ding Dong Ding Dong

“WOULD YOU GET THAT TRISH!?” Brian yells from the living room watching whatever is on TV. Trishia sighs and rubs at the washcloth against the oven’s latch.

She makes her way over to the door and opens it up seeing Billy in a silk buttoned top that isn’t really buttoned up all the way, a leather jacket and a necklace. Trishia can’t help but blush. But she understands that Billy’s friends with you, that and he’s underage.

“Oh, Mrs L/N, is uhm, Y/N around?” he asks with a smile.

“Hang on a minute, her car isn’t in the driveway, but I’ll see if she’s hiding somewhere. Would you want to come in?” she asks and Billy shrugs his shoulders before coming in and closing the door.

“Who is it?” Brian yells from the living room.

“It’s Billy, Y/N’s friend, just wants to know where she is,” Trishia says and Brian grunts.

Billy cringes whenever he hears her refer to you as she, he messes up when he can, but he’s gotten used to hating it when people do that.

But he follows her into your room and no one is there, “do you happen to know if Astrid is with Max?” he asks her with a smirk.

“Well,” she blushes again, harder, “I imagine Y/N is with Nancy, and Astrid is probably over there with Mike, you might find Max over there too if you’re lucky!”

Billy nods his head and smiles, “alrighty then, uhm, thanks,” he stuffs his hands in his pocket.

A loud sound goes off in the kitchen, “shit, I’m happy for you to stay here for a bit, if you want dinner you can, otherwise, up to you.”

Before Billy could even respond, your mum has already run into the kitchen. Billy sighs and looks around your room again. Seeing

everything he saw before, your homework, computer, books you read. He should stop, but he can't help and be a little curious. Looking underneath your bed he pulls out a box, and it is mostly physical photos, he saw them of you when you were younger, your parents, your sister, you and your friends, the beach town you came from. He can't help but warm a little up to you. Billy puts it back and finds another box, this one, is one he isn't expecting to say the least.

"You dirty dirty girl," he smirks as he looks at the box, vibrators, rope, dildos, he can't help but blush and chuckle to himself. Billy pushes it back underneath, says goodbye to Trishia before making his way to Nancy's.

Everyone is around the table, talking about this person like they were a creature of some sort, not humanly possible. Eventually, they came to a plan, you told Joyce you wanted Astrid to go with them, she protested a bit, and so did your sister, but you shook your head.

"I want Will to have a friend with him when he wakes up, so please let Astrid go!" you tell her and they both finally come to an agreement.

The group watches as everyone goes off in the car and you sigh, "she'll be fine, she's strong."

You don't know who is talking to who, and maybe they're talking to both you and Mike. Once inside, and after calming down for a bit, you help clean up the place. Mike is pacing around like there's no tomorrow, and after a little pep talk from Steve, you can't help but sigh.

"Steve, don't worry," you say patting his shoulder before walking into the kitchen and seeing food on the floor, you know why they're there. You overhear the group talk about something else and you listen to it but only tuning in and out here and there.

"I promised I'd keep you shitheads safe, and that's exactly what I plan on doing." You hear Steve yell from the other room.

"Yeah, to whom?" you yell from the kitchen as you pick up stuff from the floor. He pauses for a few moments before ignoring you.

"We're staying here. On the bench."

You chuckle to yourself, picking up some butter and chocolate syrup and putting it onto the bench. You can hear loud music and an engine rumbling, the windows tremble. Asides from yourself, you know only one other person who would do something like that.

And why the hell is he here?

Lucas and Max rush to the window and you follow suit behind them, "it's my brother," Max says.

"What's he doing here?" you ask and she looks behind her at you and shrugs her shoulders.

"But he can't know I'm here, he'll kill me!" she responds to Lucas and yourself.

"Alright, Steve, you look after Max and Lucas, I'll go out, I'm more friendly with him than you are," you say moving the kids from the windows.

"The hell you are, you look after them!" Steve says.

"Steven, come on."

"Fine, you guys stay away from the window, Y/N and I will go out and we won't mention you're here Max."

They do as they say and you get out of the house, with Steve behind you before standing next to you.

"Am I dreaming, or is it you, Harrington? And Y/N, are you two shacking up?" Billy says with a smirk and a cigarette in his mouth. Though you have to admit, he looks a little bit hurt.

“Yeah, it’s me. Don’t cream your pants.”

You sigh and nudge Steve, not to rile him up. Steve makes his way towards Billy and he begins to take off his jacket, regardless of whatever this is turning into, you can’t help but enjoy this look for Billy. You make your way following Steve, wanting to get in between the two before a fight starts out.

“What are you doing here, *amigo*?” Billy asks, looking at Steve, but you can’t help that he’s asking you too.

“Yeah, I could ask you the same thing, *amigo*.”

“Billy, seriously, answer the question,” you tell him.

“Seriously, you two fuckin’? I feel the tension rising!” Billy says with a chuckle and you puff out your cheeks, “you’re cute when you’re mad!”

“I’m not fucking Steve, Billy, for crying out loud. Now, why are you here!” you almost scream.

“Looking for my stepsister. A little birdie told me she was here,” Billy says and you shrug your shoulders.

“Who’d you see?” you ask.

“Went to your mom, and asked for you, said you and your sister are probably at Nancy’s so I went there and saw her mom and I gotta admit, she’s kinda hot.”

“Gross Billy,” you reply with a slight scoff. You didn’t want him here right now, you want Max to be safe. “Max isn’t here, and neither is my sister, they might be at the arcade or something.”

You cross your arms over your chest and Billy pouts, “huh, that’s weird. I don’t know her,” Steve replies.

“Small? Redhead? Bit of a bitch?”

“Don’t talk about Max like that!” you almost shout, and Billy’s brows knit together.

“Doesn’t ring a bell. Sorry, buddy.”

“Now that we’ve solved the missing case of Max, do you mind leaving?” you ask Billy.

“You didn’t see my text did you?” Billy asks and you shake your head.

“Phone’s been dead all day, I forgot to charge it.”

“Fantastic, don’t worry, not like I wanted to hang out with you, but turns out you’ve been hanging out with Harrington, is that what the sex toys are for underneath your bed? You and Harrington do some kinky shit?”

Your cheeks puff red and you narrow your brows, punching his shoulder, “what the fuck are you doing in my room looking at my shit. I am not fucking Steve, how many fucking times do I need to tell you this Billy, I am not fucking him, I haven’t had sex before!”

It’s silent and Billy looks at you, his eyes wide, surprised you’d actually stand up to him, he smirks and rubs the nape of his neck, the cigarette hanging from his lower lip. He sighs and takes the cigarette out of his mouth before inhaling.

“You know, I don’t know, this whole situation, Harrington, I don’t know,” Billy begins, clicking his tongue a few times, looking at you and Steve. “It’s giving me the heebie-jeebies.”

“Oh yeah? Why’s that?” Steve asks.

“Billy, please don’t do anything,” you say.

“My thirteen-year-old sister goes missing all day. And then I find her with you two in a stranger’s house. And you lie to me about it.”

Billy looks at you, almost hurt, you can’t really tell because the guy has a good way to mask his emotions, but you can’t help but feel bad, you feel like you’ve let your friend down.

Steve chuckles, “man, were you dropped too much as a child, or what?”

“Steve.”

Billy pokes his tongue out, licking his lips and his teeth. Smoke escaping his mouth, he looks at you for the most part.

“I don’t know what you don’t understand about what I said. She’s not here.”

Billy brings his cigarette to his lips, but before inhaling the smoke, he looks at the two of you, “then who is that?”

Steve and you turn around and stare at the window, four heads stare back before quickly moving away from the window.

“Son of a bitch!” you remark.

“Oh, shit. Listen—”

Before Steve could finish his sentence, Billy pushes him on the ground, “BILLY!” you yell grabbing onto his arm, he shrugs you off.

“I told you to plant your feet.”

Steve groans and you rush to your friend's aid, trying to help him up before Billy kicks him in the stomach. He doesn’t move and Billy makes his way to the front door.

“Billy, don’t you fucking go in there!” you scream at him.

“Or what sweetheart?”

You don’t know what to say, he scoffs before making his way to open the door. You run a hand through Steve’s hair, trying to help him up.

“Come on, get up,” you tell him.

You both stand up and make your way to the door, quickly opening it, you hear the kids scream, something about Lucas. Steve gets away from you and goes up to Billy. You lend your hand out for Lucas to bring him into the group of children and yourself, and the two teenage boys get into a fistfight. Billy talking about King Steve.

“Seriously, you guys, please get out of the way, you don’t want to get yourself hurt, Lucas are you okay?” you ask as you stare at him, Lucas nods his head and you smile. Mike and Dustin egg on Steve and you sigh, “can you two fucking stop this big dick contest? And break it up already!”

Your shouts are lost of deaf ears.

Eventually, the two boys make their way over to you, the kids and yourself scatter out of the way. You rush to find your bat, holding onto it, if you need to kick the shit out of Billy, you’ll do it. But Steve’s on the ground now and Billy is on top of him, beating his face, and you stare at Max who shakes her head. She holds onto a syringe with the sedator and makes her way to Billy, it feels like things are in slow motion. The syringe plunges into his neck, and he gets up and stares at Max, pulling the needle out of his neck. Making his way to Max before he plummets to the ground. You tighten your grip on your bat and look at Max who looks from you to Steve’s bat.

“From here on out, you leave me and your friends alone. Do you understand?” Max demands, gripping onto the bat.

“Screw you.”

The bat comes down, right between his legs, he looks at it. “Say you understand! Say it! Say it!” she says louder this time.

Billy licks his lips, “I understand.”

And with a back and forth, Billy goes out like a light and Max drops the bat, she takes his keys from his pocket and tells the boys and yourself to go. You help them load in Steve, and hand Max your bat, “look after her alright, I’m talking about the bat you guys,” you say before chuckling.

“Are you not coming?” Dustin asks from the backseat.

“As much as I’d prefer it if I drove to where your plan is, I imagine Max knows what she’s doing, and look, I’ve seen so much shit already in the past 24 hours, that a thirteen-year-old driving a car isn’t weird. I’ll look after Billy.”

“Why? He almost killed Steve!” Lucas says.

“Because I will get him off your trail alright, here’s some stuff for Steve when he wakes up. I’ll let you know what happens as I hope you guys do the same.”

You hand over some bandaids, bandages and a little ice pack for your friend. Max nods her head and gets into the car and you wave goodbye.

Those kids will be the end of you.

11. The Aftermath

Summary for the Chapter:

You look after Billy, making sure he doesn't ruin the Byer's home.

Notes for the Chapter:

Okay, wow. It's been a while. I'm sorry I haven't posted. I was doing Nanowrimo during November, and December I was moving and doing festive stuff and also graduating, I'm using my 30k or so in debt to write fanfiction!

Anyways, I hope to post more to this because I do miss it. And if I'm silent, you know, hit me on the head and wake me up! haha.

The sound of the television draws on, at the moment it's Jeopardy, someone saying the answers can be heard, Alex Trebek reading out the answer. Billy slowly opens his eyes, he can feel his cheek against jeans, a hand running across his hair and his cheek. He touches his face and can feel something dried on there.

"Huh?" Billy mumbles, he isn't too sure about what's going on but that's the only thing he can really say as he comes back to consciousness.

You had managed to bring him up to the couch, it was a struggle because Billy lifted weights like no other, but you managed to get it done, but he moves a lot and found his way to your lap, his feet dangled off the arm of the couch. You're watching the TV and calling out the answers, that's the voice Billy heard, other than Trebek. Your phone is dead, but you've set it in the kitchen to be charging and it's only been ten to fifteen since the kids left with Steve. Though right now all you care is making sure Billy is safe, and you hear him mumble. Looking down at him and with widening eyes, you smile bright – teeth and all. Though, you're more shocked that it's taken him this fast to get out of the situation he found himself in.

“Hey, it’s alright,” you say, you continue to run your hand through his hair, occasionally running a thumb over his cheek.

“Y/N? Where’s Max?” Billy asks, trying to lift himself up but the drugs still getting to him.

“Billy, she’s gone, off somewhere, I don’t know.”

“I need to get her home! Dad will kill me!” Billy is trying to move but something is stopping him, and it’s not you, sure you’ve got your hands on his wrist, but you can’t stop the might that is Billy.

“Look, tell your parents that she was sleeping over at mine and thought she told you, alright? I am happy to vouch for that,” you ask him, Billy looks at you, stares at your eyes and nods his head slowly, as your fingers now trail through his hair. “Good.”

It’s silent between the two of you, Billy’s eyes open and close, sometimes for long sometimes for short. But you can’t help but stare at him and fall in love. You don’t know much about Billy, and you don’t know if he knows much about you. But as you stare at him, you can’t help but want to build something together. Even if he almost killed your best friend, and hurt your little friends, including Lucas.

“Y/N?”

You hear his voice call your name and you look at him. Billy adjusts himself better so that he’s sitting on the couch facing you, but closer this time, you adjust yourself, and your legs are tangled with his, a huge knot of legs and calves, feet and all. You continue to run your hand through his hair, and maybe he’s enjoying it.

“Yeah?” you ask.

“Does your stepdad hit you?”

You shake your head, something you can answer instantly. But you take a deep breath and sigh, “no, but he threatens it.”

You never really admit the abuse to people, Nancy, Steve and Jonathon know because they’re your friends, and you often stay with one of them (mostly Nancy) just so you don’t deal with him. But you

feel as if you could bare your whole soul and more with Billy, and you're not too sure why. You have a feeling he understands.

"Why doesn't your mom step in?"

You're silent. You're not too sure why she doesn't step in, but maybe it's not as obvious as you'd want it to be, "I think she does, she just does it in her own ways, maybe not how I'd like to..." you trail off and sigh.

"Dad threatened me to find Max, that's why I'm here," Billy admits. Your eyes almost bulge out of your head.

"Why?"

Billy moves and winces occasionally, the fight with Steve got to him. "He hit me."

You're dead silent again, you don't even try to utter a word, almost like his dad had heard you squeak and is trying to find you. Or like your Stepdad does whenever you laugh late at night.

"Billy, I'm sorry..."

"It's fine, I'm used to it."

"But you shouldn't be!"

"Aren't you?"

Billy doesn't look at you, merely his fingers as he picks at his thumbs, the dried blood of Steve Harrington and Billy Hargrove is on them and on his face and you only notice this now. You get off the couch and move to the kitchen to get some water for him, and some medicine, along with a wet washcloth. You briefly look at your phone, nothing, except a text from your mum mentioning Billy being over.

You come back over and hand the medicine and water to him, the warm washcloth in your free hand as it runs over his face and hands when they aren't busy being used. Removing the grime and blood off of him, helping him become brand new. The pretty boy he's meant to

be.

“You don’t have to,” he grimaces before scoffing down two pills with the water, you take one hand of his and rub at it and then take the other.

“It’s fine, I’m often times looking after everyone else, adding another one to my roster won’t be out of the ordinary!” you say with a soft smile and Billy swears his heart just grew three times bigger.

“Brian just mentally and emotionally abuses me, tells me certain things, makes me doubt others. Tried to get Mum to lump me in and he called me a slut, before that party, remember?” you say, more formed in the way of a question.

You finish cleaning Billy up and smile at him, “yeah I remember, night Nancy and Steve broke up?” You nod your head.

“Do you know why your dad hits you?” you ask

Billy shakes his head, “no, it started ever since I was a kid, I always stuck up for Mom but once she high tailed it out of there, I replaced her.”

There’s a pause, on his end, you have a feeling he wants to say more, and there’s nothing for you to say, because is there really anything to say at all to a man who abuses his own son?

“—but I don’t want to turn into him, I saw how scared you were before.”

“I was only scared because you almost killed my best friend, I had my bat ready to knock you out!” you exclaim.

“Hmm,” he hums.

“What?”

“I bet you’d look pretty sexy like that,” he says with a wink and you blush a deep shade of red.

“Billy, we’re talking about something serious here,” you reply.

You take a hand and move the curl over his eye, as you dab the blood away from his face, you missed a spot.

“Yeah, and this is serious!” he replies.

“Flirting with me?” You scoff. “Billy, I’m making sure you don’t die, because the kids sure hate your guts, I don’t!”

“You don’t?”

He’s almost shocked at your response, of course, you don’t hate Billy Hargrove, because when you’re alone he’s sweet and tender, takes care of you and makes sure you’re okay. Billy Hargrove is different with you, and you know that when he’s with you, it’s the real him. Not the gaggle of girls around him, or his stolen friends. It’s the sickly-sweet moments of vulnerability that is Billy.

“I don’t Billy,” you say as you finish with the washcloth, it falls to the floor and you stare at the dumb kid, “because unlike them, and everyone at school, I think you’re someone better and you can be better, I believe in you, Billy, I believe that you can get better, but I can’t do that for you, you’re the one that has to do it for you.”

Billy’s silent, like the wind has been knocked out of him and he’s looking for air, but nothing comes and he just sighs. Billy moves onto his knees and comes closer to you, inches away, and he stares at you before smirking.

“You know what, Y/N?” he asks.

“What?” you ask narrowing your eyes at him.

“You’re pretty cute,” he says.

You’re silent, Billy is in a drugged state and you chuckle nervously, before shaking your head, “Billy, come on.”

“I’m being serious, Y/N, you’re cute, I can never stop thinking about you! I just want you.”

Billy’s hands find themselves around your head, and you wait, you don’t say anything but wait for his next move. There’s a kiss on your

forehead and you move to look at the older one.

“Billy?” you ask, curious as to why he’d do that.

“Don’t want to ruin what we already have princess,” he remarks.

You can feel the light in the room shines bright and you close your eyes, trying to avert the strain, Billy does the same thing. But the light obviously means one thing, and it means that she did it.

It means you can rest, safe and sound.

But most importantly, you can play Dungeons and Dragons.

One month later

“Come on Astrid, Steve and Dustin are waiting!” you shout from the living room. Your mum and Brian hang around waiting for Astrid to come out, and finally, she does, wearing a simple skater dress and you chuckle. After a few photos and glee, you take her outside and shuffle into the back of Steve’s car.

“Astrid, you look nice!” Steve says from the front seat, and Dustin nods his head in agreement. His hair has something in because you could honestly smell it a mile away.

“Have you got gas in your hair?” you ask as you turn up your nose.

“What? No! It’s cool!” he declares and you chuckle before shaking your head.

“Sure thing, kiddo...” you trail off.

You and Steve have a movie to catch, your plan is to watch Whiplash at the Drive-In, you heard some really good things about it, but Steve didn’t really mind so much, he just likes spending time with you.

The car rolls up to the Middle School Gym and you look at Astrid who sighs and turns her phone on silent. Steve is giving Dustin a pep talk.

“Pretend like I don’t care.” Dustin smiles

“You don’t care.”

“I don’t care.”

“Dustin, please don’t listen to Steve for dating advice, and neither should you Astrid!”

“I already have a boyfriend!” she whines.

“Yeah, at fourteen? I’m surprised he didn’t break it off with you when we moved!” you say.

Astrid puffs her cheeks out and huffs, “whatever... my dates are Max and El,” she says and you chuckle.

Since that day, Astrid has become closer with El and while El hasn’t become friendly with Max at least for the most part they can converse with each other. Who knows how long it’ll take before they start calling each other friends.

Dustin and Astrid get out of the car and you move into the front seat where Dustin just was.

“Why do you talk shit about my dating advice?” he questions with a pout.

“I’m sorry, but Nancy broke up with you drunk, and you never really reconciled.”

“We did!”

“While we were trying to make poison leave Will’s body, yeah I don’t think so loverboy, now let’s go to the drive-in!”

You giggle, along with Steve, the two of you watch the kids sign in, but you notice Nancy, and you know Steve is looking at her, you

don't comment on it. Steve sighs and begins to make his way to the local drive-in cinema.

You haven't really recovered since that day, and while you don't know what everyone went through, at least you can attest that you made a breakthrough with Billy, sort of, you can say that you're happy. You might have Brian on your back half the time, and your best friend is graduating at the end of the year, you're in a good spot. A good spot to be hopeful about.

12. The Night Over

Summary for the Chapter:

Everything is silent on the Hawkins front. You're back to your cozy life, talking to Nancy again like nothing happened. Billy texts you wanting to come over to soothe his wounds.

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm very sorry for how long it's taken me to get a new chapter out, I hope you guys have had a great new year, I've been a bit busy on my end, but I am here giving you another chapter! Season two ended last chapter, but don't worry I gotta write season three and you know spoilers for s3 but not have Billy die, because hey modern era with modern medicine, but I think I might have Billy still be taken maybe? Iunno, I'd like ideas for what you'd want.

Let me know, because haha I sure as hell don't know what's going to happen. But I'll probably go till about chapter fifteen or chapter twenty to hit season three, maybe chapter twenty because as you can see I've got smut in the tag and yet, they've done nothing! Crazy, I know! So here we go.

You're not official. And it's not like you're the one to label things. Christmas has passed and so has New Years, and you're back in school like last year didn't happen. But you and Billy, you're talking, flirting more open now, he ignores other girls requests, and you ignore the requests of your suitors. Though compared to Billy you're a pond next to an ocean.

Tommy and Carol didn't really accept you in their little pack, but you oftentimes ignored them, having lunch with Steve, Jonathon and Nancy who have all tied things up in a nice little bow. Nancy gasps at your little updates over at the coffee shop in town.

“So tell me *everything!*” she says with a big grin on her face, the two of you away from the boys, all the boys, and your sister is off with Max, maybe.

“So Billy wouldn’t stop flirting with me—”

“Of course, because you’re a total babe, but he’s kind of an asshole, please don’t tell me you’re changing him for the better!” Nancy groans with a slight inflection of her voice.

“God no, he’s nearly 18, he can grow up like the rest of us!”

While you feel bad for saying that, you’re not here to change Billy at all, you read those kinds of stories of women wanting to change the man for the better, that they’re his psychologists. You would roll your eyes at those stories. What kind of grown man doesn’t act like an adult? Though, you aren’t too sure if Billy is that type of guy. Sure Billy is never in a good headspace, but you know a good psychologist can always try to do the trick.

“Spent a lot of time with Steve and the kids, Steve is still heartbroken over you, you know that right?”

Nancy nods her head, “I mean we talked it over, but...”

“Nance, you’ve gotta do better than that!”

A groan and a sigh escapes her, “fine.”

“What else, oh we attacked some creatures and then when you were saving Will, and the kids and Steve were off being cool guys, I was patching up Billy and he kissed me, on the forehead, he’s done it before but...”

A loud audible gasp comes from Nancy, patrons in the café look at her for a moment before turning back around and doing what they originally were doing before the outburst.

“Oh my God, no way! That’s cute as!”

“Nancy,” you say as you roll your eyes.

“You can’t deny it, it’s cute!”

You laugh and sigh, before nodding your head. Nancy updates you on what she and Jonathon did, telling you all about it, including the sex.

“Didn’t know he had it in him,” you say before chuckling. You lean back in your seat and cross your arms over your chest.

“I guess that’s what sexual tension does,” Nancy replies before taking a sip of her hot chocolate. You giggle and nod your head.

In your bedroom, you lie on your bed while reading a book for English class. Though you weren't really paying attention, just glossing over the words and re-reading the same line before getting frustrated. The music on your phone pauses for a few seconds as the sound of your text tone goes off and a buzz.

Billy: Can I come over?

You: It’s like close to midnight Billy!

Billy: I need to come over.

You can never say no, but even if you wanted to it kind of sounds important. You tell him he can. You move to the back of the house, wrapping yourself in your bathrobe so you're not attacked by the cold. You see him making his way over from his car and you shuffle him into your house, sneaking him into your room. The lights are all off before your bedroom, so you don’t take in any of his features. Once you’re in your room with your door closed, you notice the blood and the bruises and you want to cry.

“Billy,” you meekly speak out.

“I didn’t know where else to go,” he admits, he sounds choked up.

“You can always come here, you know...” you trail off looking at him. “Let me clean you up, I promise I’ll be right back!”

You stare at him and he nods his head. He sits down on your bed and looks around your room like this is his first time here. Meanwhile,

you quickly go to the linen cupboard to find a washcloth of some kind, moving over to the bathroom and running water over the cloth. You come back to your room as soon as you left and you grab your desk chair and sit in between Billy's legs. You slowly and softly move the cloth over the blood that came from his mouth, and his nose. You can see blood on his knuckles, he must've fought back, or maybe instigated it. You wiped away the tears that were prickling his eyes with your thumb. Trying your best to soothe him. His hand on the small of your back so he feels at least somewhat grounded. This feels like when the two of you were in the Byers' household. Of course, instead of a combination of Steve and Billy's blood, it was just Billy's.

You stop and wrap your fingers through the strands of his hair, combing your hands through his hair. Billy's head falls to your chest as he begins to sob. Your bathrobe falling down your arms, as you hold onto him and allow him to cry.

Your heart breaks, you haven't seen him weep like this before. You can't be mad at him for coming over so late, and you can't be mad at him looking like this, because you know exactly who did this. You just want to kill his dad, and you want to kill your stepdad, and you want to murder every abusive fuck there is. You continue to run your hands through Billy's hair and the anger subsides, you're here to console your friend, and you're here to make sure he's okay.

"Billy..."

He moves his head and stares at you, his eyes bloodshot from the crying and his face is wet from a mixture of the leftover water from the washcloth and his salty tears.

"What happened?" you ask, and he's silent for a few moments before he begins to delve into your question.

"I gave him mouth, he spoke about how I needed to be home earlier because he is out late working and I said something, and he just started to punch me, and..." he trails off into tears again and you just hold onto him.

You help him take off his shoes and you turn off your overhead light. You take off your nightgown and put it on your chair. Slipping under

the covers with him and hold onto him tight. You don't expect him to stay very long, but you do what you can just to make sure your friend is okay.

You continued to run your fingers through his hair, his arm is underneath your neck with his other arm on your hip. Eventually, the two of you fall asleep, your arms wrapped around him. It breaks your heart, seeing him broken like this and you know that you need to find a way to help him. You didn't really trust the teachers at the school, you told them about your sister being bullied and all they did was move the bully to a different class. You could probably go to a psychologist a few towns over because you didn't want his dad to find out; you would need money to do it though, was the only downside.

Brian wouldn't stop you from you going; he knows about your anxiety and depression, he has his own, and he confided in you when he wasn't bad. But now? He hardly spoke to you the way he used to, and all you want is someone to talk to.

That morning you wake up and don't notice the warmth on your back, you imagine it's a stuffed animal or your blanket that's moved up and snuggled against you in the night, you sigh and snuggle into the warmth enjoying it too much. Though, it isn't until you hear a snore and someone grabbing onto your hips towards them is when you mentally freak out, only to remember last night.

"Fuck!" you whisper to yourself.

You turn around and shuffle a bit to stare at Billy. You didn't realise he stayed in bed with you. Luckily no one wakes you up so they wouldn't find Billy in your bed, but you need to find a way to get him out of your house. Billy's eyes open slowly and they're on you.

"Mornin' Princess," he says, in that deep musky 'I just woke up' kind of voice.

"Billy, where'd you park your car?" you ask him.

Billy fell asleep in his leather jacket and bloodied white shirt, the morning after granting him a few cuts and bruises; you can see a cut

on his cheek, maybe his dad wears rings, you weren't too sure but you could also see the bruise forming around his eye.

“Relax, I parked it a few doors down, not gonna alert old Papa bear!” he tells you. You just roll your eyes.

“I need you out of the house,” you pause and reach for your phone, luckily it’s fully charged and the time reads 7:02 am, you don’t usually try to wake up early, but considering how quickly you fell asleep last night, you can understand why you’d be up this early.

Brian usually opts to sleep in, and it’s a Saturday, so Astrid would be asleep too, your mum, on the other hand, might be up.

“Why dear?” he replies like you’re an old married couple. God, you don’t even know what to call this.

“Uhm, if you’d like to go for round 2 of those beatings, my stepdad won’t be too happy to see you in here and thus, he won’t be happy with me, and I’m currently in his good books.”

That is until he mentions something about Kline and how great he is, whereas you would talk about how bad he is for Hawkins. Your mum often spoke about her dislike of Kline too, and Brian would just be in a bit of a huff. Your sister didn't really care, either way, just excited about a new shopping centre opening up there. You were looking at job listings that would come through and you kind of need one if you're looking at going to university. The ice cream shop didn't sound half bad.

“Come on...” he trails off and you groan again. “Wish you could be doing that under different circumstances!”

You roll your eyes but giggle at his little comment. You can see the smirk on his face as he turns onto his back. You get out of the bed, yawning and stretching before finally standing up and going to your drawers and opening the one containing your underwear, then your wardrobe, picking out pants, a shirt and a Hawkins gym jumper. It isn’t too cold in your room but comparing that to the living room where the main heater is, it certainly is cold here.

“Billy,” you begin, as you pinch the bridge of your nose, “you need to leave because I need to shower.”

“Can I join?” he asks while getting out of the bed. The man is a major fuckboy.

“No.”

“Ugh, fine.”

He takes his shoes and puts them on, and you leave your room, making some reconnaissance for the back area, and looking outside to the backyard, everything is in the clear.

“Time to go,” you say opening the door and shielding Billy, though it's not like you could do much, the man looms over you in comparison. He sighs and lets himself be pushed by you.

The door to get into the backyard is in the laundry. Opening the door, Billy gets out and turns around, you look at him and he sheepishly smiles, “I’ll talk to you later, Billy.”

“Hopefully won’t be too long!” he replies with a wink and he leaves, opening the gate and closing it behind him.

“Who was that?” You hear a voice call out, you turn around and see your mum standing there with a smile.

“It was... Steve, he thought we were meeting up today, and I told him we were but that it was too early, so I let him go back home.”

“He could’ve come in; you know Steve’s always welcome here!” she replies with a smile before grabbing some clothes from the dryer.

“I know Mum,” you say with a small smile before going to the bathroom to begin showering.

13. The Beatles

Summary for the Chapter:

You and Billy are hanging out at your place, you're home alone, in your room, listening to The Beatles; what could go wrong?

Notes for the Chapter:

Hi, this is a smut chapter, kinda. Also, I guess warning for their ages as they're both under 18? But it's up to you and how you decide it, though I haven't really figured out a birthday for the reader and we don't know Billy's birthdate, so the reader could be 17 or 16 with Billy being 17 or 18. So ???

"Why don't you and your mom try and kick him out?" Billy asks as the two of you lay on your bedroom floor.

Brian is out practising with his band, Astrid is with El at her house, and your mum is out with Nancy and Mike's mum. So you are home alone, music plays on your speakers and it's your choice; so you decided on some Beatles.

You shrug your shoulders, "just never have the courage I guess."

Your eyes are closed, your head on a pillow you stole from your bed and your knees are bent with your feet planted on the floor as you softly sing along to the song that comes through in between Billy's questions. He is lying down next to you, on another pillow he stole from your bed, though he is lying on his right side as he looks at you.

"You should, 'cause I could come over more often, and you know..." he trails off.

Opening one of your eyes, you look at Billy who is waggling his eyebrows. You stuff back a laugh and close your eye again.

"You're an idiot Billy Hargrove," you tell him.

“And that’s why you love me!”

“Whatever you think...” you trail off with a smirk.

You continue to softly sing to the next song, *A Day In The Life*, one of their more sombre songs, of course, quite heavy when you listen to the lyrics.

“Would you be happy if Susan dropped Neil?” you ask.

Your mum and Susan often met up for coffee, maybe they both talk about their husbands. Maybe they talk about their kids. You weren’t too sure about them, but you just know that they’re at least friends.

“I mean, yeah, no, I don’t know...” Billy trails off.

You sigh and could tell how uneasy he is by the question. Billy watches you as you sing to the song, “*But I just had to look / Having read the book / I’d love to turn you on.*”

“I didn’t know you could sing,” Billy says stunned.

“I’m not singing,” you reply as you stop yourself, “besides, Mom says I sound like a dying cat.”

“Well who cares what she thinks, I know you sing well, you shouldn’t be so shy,” he says.

You blush, and look away as you close your eyes, trying to ignore him.

“Why do you like The Beatles so much?” he asks you.

“Because my mom loves them and so did my nana, it’s just, they’re important to me,” you reply, your eyes now open as you look at him.

“Yeah, I get it,” he says nodding his head. “My mom had the best taste in music, a lot of the songs I listen to are from her, so, I get it.”

You smile and nod your own head, the two of you bonding over music taste you both love. You go back to singing the rest of the song, but this time a little louder now that you know that Billy enjoys

it.

He watches you; he doesn't look at you anywhere else except your face and admiring it. Billy could look at any other part of you, but he doesn't even move his eyes to look elsewhere. You have a smile on your face.

The song eventually fades out and into *I Want You (She's So Heavy)*. You can't help but sing along, Billy finds himself humming the instrumentals of it.

"I want you so bad, it's driving me mad / It's driving me mad"

"Are you playing songs that'll get me in the mood, Y/N?" Billy asks you and you smirk; you didn't realise a lot of the nature of the songs.

"The last one wasn't about anything, the turn you on bit has a double meaning, could be sexual or could be about drugs, this one is just about Yoko Ono from John." You sit up and look at Billy, who's giving you a look, "John is my least favourite Beatle, he abused his first wife, Cynthia, and forgot about his son Julian, to the point where Paul was essentially his dad!" you complained.

"You're cute when you're angry, you know that?" Billy asks you; he's now sitting up and facing you.

"She's so... / Heavy / Heavy (heavy)"

"Shut up Billy." You roll your eyes.

"I can't help it that you're driving me mad," he says alluding to the song.

Billy shifts himself on his hands and knees and crawls over to you, what feels like slow motion is happening in real-time. His lips ghosted over yours, your eyes slowly closing.

"Tell me to leave and I'll leave," he says.

You can feel the warmth of Billy radiating off of him. His pendant dangles, his button-up shirt is slightly exposing his chest. You stay silent, the only sounds in this room is your breathing, his breathing

and John Lennon singing.

“You know I want you so bad, babe / I want you / You know I want you so bad, it’s driving me mad / Its driving me mad.”

What felt like on queue from John, gave Billy the push to place his lips on yours. His hand on the back of your neck, your bottom lip in between his lips, as his kiss is slow, making sure you’re okay with it. You kiss back with the same timidity as him before Billy realises what you’re doing as he turns the kiss deeper. Smacking his lips against yours.

You break the kiss after a few minutes just so you can breathe. You stare at him with a smile. Billy moved so he could sit down opposite you, you take this cue to move yourself and straddle him, placing your lips against his, this time with more fervour than before. Before it was a question on whether or not you were going to do anything, now this isn’t so much a question and more so a finality of the budding relationship.

Billy’s hands snake around your waist, your hands on either side of his head, your chests touching. You were both fighting to be the dominant one, and you can’t help but laugh and giggle, Billy smiles through the kiss, happy he’s able to get to you. You weren’t too sure who is the one to break the other one down, but you’re at least happy one of you had the guts to do something.

And you couldn’t lie if you had made a playlist of the more romantic, suggestive songs The Beatles have made. Because next came *Happiness Is a Warm Gun*.

Your lips parted and so did Billy’s as both of your tongues run over each other. He tastes like cigarettes and some form of alcohol you couldn’t really put your mind on. You taste like Vanilla Coca-Cola, and your lips of some sort of Chapstick. Your kisses goes between short ones and longer ones, in between of that, your tongues roaming, touching, suckling.

You break from the kiss again, Billy, slightly pouts and whines at the loss of contact. You chuckle and remove the short-sleeve shirt you were wearing to showcase your naked chest.

“When I hold you in my arms (ooh, oh, yeah) / And I feel my finger on your trigger (ooh, oh, yeah) / I know nobody can do me no harm (ooh, oh, yeah)”

“You mean to tell me you weren’t wearing a bra this whole time?” You nod your head. Billy groans and knocks his head back, “fuck!”

“Don’t worry,” you begin as you grab onto his hands and trail them up to your exposed breasts. “You can still play with them.”

Billy looks back at you, his eyes wide, “are we actually doing this?” he asks.

You shrug your shoulders, “if you’d like to. I’m on the pill, but I think I have some condoms around.”

“Why do you have rubbers?” he asks, a quirk of an eyebrow, before his thumbs start to rub over your nipples. He looks at them like he’s concentrating on a maths question.

“Gotta be safe, that and I’m too lazy to wash my toys,” you reply nonchalantly, in between little gasps and moans.

It’s like just as you said that, a massive exclamation mark came over his head, “do you want to use any?”

You shrug again, “if you’d like to give ‘em a try...” you trail off.

There comes a giggle and another moan as Billy’s mouth collides with one of your nipples, the other is left to his hand. You’re sitting upright as you straddle him, moving slightly, feeling his member grow in size. Your hands run through his hair; you feel quite ticklish as the caterpillar he calls a moustache rubs against your skin.

You grip onto his hair whenever he’d bite at your nipple, gasping with a slight moan.

“You enjoy this,” he says muffled with a nipple in his mouth.

“Yeah, I do, it’s why I’m holding your hair, you idiot,” you reply only to end your sentence with a moan.

“Aww, princess loves it when Daddy plays with their nipples.”

You pause. Billy pauses. It’s like the music stopped as well with a hard record scratch.

“I’m sorry,” Billy says softly against your nipple. A shiver comes up your spine, you could feel yourself growing wetter.

“No, actually, I kind of liked it,” you reply sheepishly.

“Really?”

You imagine Billy calls himself Daddy a lot, and maybe this time it’s different with you, but you sure as hell enjoyed it.

“Yes, Daddy,” you reply with a smirk.

“God, damn it,” he says, biting his index finger. “You are the girl of my dreams, wait, sorry.”

You shake your head, “it’s fine.”

Billy’s eyebrows raise as he grins, his mouth falls back to your nipple as his tongue swirls around it, slowly nibbling. His index and thumb rubbing at the other one, giving it the attention it deserves. Making you feel warm and gooey on the inside.

You gyrate your hips against Billy’s clothed cock, biting your lower lip as you moan, and sigh against the sensations.

A loud *Pop* comes from Billy as he lets go of your nipple, “are you trying to turn me on?”

“Why? Is it working?” you ask with a smirk.

“Obviously,” he grunts through his teeth.

You chuckle and throw your head back as you move your hips, feeling his cock harden to the point where you think it’ll break in his tight jeans. You unbutton all the buttons on his shirt as he watches you. You help him slip it off his arms, and you stop moving your hips as you make your way down his legs so you’re in between them.

Unbuckling his belt, with help from Billy to remove it, then came his jeans, where you could see a damp spot.

Billy thrusts again so he could remove his underwear, and out sprung the very thing you were teasing.

“Look at him, he’s so sad!” Billy cries holding onto it and lazily stroking it.

You can’t help but laugh as you finish to remove his socks, pants and underwear. “Here, let me make Daddy happy!”

You move yourself so you’re in a comfortable position and wrap your lips around the head of his cock. A loud moan comes from Billy.

“*Oh fuck!*”

This is the thing he’s been waiting for. Your hot mouth sliding up and down, so slowly, edging him, teasing him. It’s fun. To say you’re nervous is a little bit of an understatement, sure you weren’t even thinking when you took your top off, and you weren’t thinking when you put your mouth on his cock. But you are thinking now and oh god, what if you bite his dick off? And what if you accidentally use your teeth?

But you’re having too much fun now to stop.

After a few other different songs to come through, the next one is *Please Please Me*. You want to laugh, but it’s too obvious and you had a dick in your mouth. So, you stifle the laugh and continue sucking.

“Oh fuck, y/n, I thought you had never done this before?” Billy moans.

You pause and look up at him with a smirk, “just because I’ve never done this before doesn’t mean I haven’t practised on other things.”

“Okay, good,” he replies and then shakes his head. You can’t help but giggle yourself before you go back to what you were originally doing.

Your hands tug on his balls, your mouth getting a little faster, and you hear the moans and the swears escaping his mouth, his hand falls

to your hair as he grabs a hold of it and forces you down before pulling you back up for him to do it all over again.

It's only a few seconds later before you let go and breath heavily. Feeling yourself close to gagging. You knew it wouldn't work out so well, you gagged a lot of on your toothbrush, a dick isn't going to be any different.

"I'm so impressed princess, you can take my cock so well!" He remarks with a smile.

You grunt, the sensation of gagging takes the energy out of you. "You better be okay with kissing me after that!"

"What? You don't think I've tasted my own come before? Curiosity gets the best of you," he says. You wrinkle your nose.

"Gross," you reply.

You pull him up by his shoulders so you can kiss him, deeply, almost like this isn't some quick fun fuck, that it is something *meaningful*. Whether or not Billy saw it a different way.

He breaks the kiss and turns you over so it's your turn to be on your back, Billy helps to move your pants and underwear off of you so that you were now naked in front of him.

"Holy fuck," he says as he looks at you.

"What?" you ask as you begin to cover up your body.

Billy stops you, "no, don't, you're beautiful."

You feel your cheeks becoming hot, "t-thanks."

Billy's head moves over your thighs, kissing them, his hands rubbing them making sure you're okay. He moves and adjusts, moving your legs so he's positioned between them. His mouth quickly finds your wet cunt, slurping up the juices that are already spilled. Your moans are loud, you're pretty sure your next-door neighbours can hear you. Or maybe they can only hear the music. You weren't too sure. Because by now it's loud.

“That’s it, baby,” Billy says muffled. “Your pussy tastes so good, you taste so good on my tongue.”

You bite your lower lip and cover your mouth as his tongue moves over your clit. He inserts one finger inside of you and you gasp. Feeling the sensations together.

Fuck, this is magical.

Then he inserts two and you feel so full, if you would take anymore you are sure it’d hurt. His pace goes faster, his tongue circles your clit in between his lips sucking on it.

“If you go any faster,” you say between moans and sighs, “I think I’m gonna come,” you finish.

Billy doesn’t leave your cunt, his fingers thrust faster, curling to hit your spot, his tongue and lips are doing the same before, his other hand is running up and down your thighs.

“Oh God, oh-“ but before you could say anything, your orgasm runs through you. Your hands take a hold of his hair and you moan out loud.

“That’s it, princess, that’s it,” Billy says between licks.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck Billy,” you moan out loud.

You’re breathing heavy, your orgasm feels harder and more intense this time. Maybe it’s because you’re with someone this time, and it’s not just your fingers.

You don’t hear the door opening, someone calling your name only to stand there for a second until you open your eyes and see them.

“Oh fuck,” you reply as they quickly close the door behind themselves.

Notes for the Chapter:

I've been thinking about getting a beta-reader for this fic, mainly because I was re-reading this fic the other

day, mainly to find certain things but I just kept reading and found a lot of mistakes (yeesh). So, I guess if anyone is up for it, lmk.

14. The Devil That You Don't

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve walks in on you and Billy bumping uglies.

Notes for the Chapter:

[Opens door slowly] H-hello? Oh geez, it's a bit, a bit dusty in here.

So it's been over a year, and I know I don't have a fantastic excuse, but anxiety and depression hit me fuckin' hard (I'm now taking anti-depressants that are *chef kiss* great!), and also dealing with the pandemic was just, another suck due to my country not being hit /hard/ compared to America, but I had to go through two major lockdowns. But enough about the pandemic. The last excuse is that I had to deal with a lot of chronic pain towards the end of last year and the start of this year.

So, here I am, with a lack of chronic pain, and with no writer's block, and I have a freaking update. whoo! Also, I'd like to thank my beta-reader @reptilian_god, but I've already apologised to them for being so late with an update.

I hope you all enjoy this, and I hope you have a fantastic day or night wherever you are in the world.

Driving down your street, Steve rubs at his nose before quickly putting his hands on the steering wheel. He drums to the music playing on the radio, he can't remember what the song is but there was no doubt that you probably know what the song is. Steve could not believe your music knowledge, it could rival... well, whoever knows a lot about music. Maybe Hargrove, but Steve doesn't want to think about him. Steve and you didn't have anything planned today, but he wants to see if you're up for anything, maybe a movie, or to go into town and cause havoc. He passes Billy's car but doesn't take

notice, not like it's the same as every other car on the street.

Pulling up to your driveway he couldn't hear anything but could see your car in front of his, at least he knows now that you're home. Maybe doing some homework or jamming out to music. Honestly, all cards are on the table and Steve was going to be right no matter what. He gets out of the car, and closes the door behind him, walking up to the front door, he can hear the music as he got closer and closer to the front door, Steve couldn't help but laugh slightly at it, he's ignoring all of the suggestions he made earlier and believes that you were trying to piss off your stepdad. Finally, he knocks on the front door.

No answer.

Steve sighs and scowls for a moment. He knows you're home, it's obvious. Unless someone picked you up... but then why would music be playing? Unless you were trying to ward off intruders.

'Billy?' he thinks to himself before shaking his head.

He knocks again, a little harder and a little louder, rubbing at his knuckles slightly. Still, no answer. So, he huffs and makes his way around to the back and jumps over the gate. Steve opens the backdoor and walks in. The music is louder this time, now he can hear The Beatles, specifically *I Saw Her Standing There*. He knew the songs because it's not like you'd shut up about them.

Though, unlike Billy, Steve couldn't hear you.

Making his way to your bedroom, Steve notices it's closed, he knocks first just in case you were doing something. He hears some sound coming from your room, though it was muffled, and he isn't too sure if it was muffled for a reason, or you just yelled a *mhm* in confirmation. But Steve is stupid sometimes and assumed the sound means to come in.

Steve opens the door, "hey Y/N, did you want to ha-." Before he could finish his sentence; all he could see is Billy's naked body, and your breasts and face.

He can't help but stand there and stare, for what feels like an eternity, he quickly slams the door, runs out of the house, and jumps the fence. Making his way to his car like he was just about to fall into lava, he opens the door and closes and sits there for a moment.

Thinking about what he saw.

He can't get it out of his head.

Steve doesn't notice you coming out the front door with a shirt on and pants. At least they're clothed, is what your mum would say. You knock on his window and Steve winds it down, avoiding all eye contact.

"Uhm, yeah, yeah, hi Y/N!" he quickly says, he licks his lips and drums on the steering wheel, still avoiding your gaze. Though he watches Billy come out of the front door buttoning up his shirt.

"I'm sorry you had to see that..." you trail off. Steve could tell that you didn't know what else to say to that.

"It's... fine..." he replies.

Billy makes his way over and kisses your cheek, "that was fun babe, I need to go, but we should probably do the main event later." You groan but slightly chuckle at that. "See you later Harrington," Billy says before winking at Steve.


You rub your eyes, trying to avoid everything that happened.

"I'm gonna just go home," Steve says as he begins to start the car.

You shake your head and reach in to stop his hand. "Steve, could you not. Do you want to come inside?" All he could think about was your face, the way you orgasmed. You knit your brow together, realising that was a bad case of words to use. "Sorry, would you like to go inside my house?"

"Do we have to go into your room?" Steve asks as he finally looks at you. He's still remembering your O face.

"Not if you really want to, Steve."



“I’m sorry,” Steve says as he holds your hand.

The two of you sit in the living room, the music in your bedroom stopped playing and you had put something on the television. Honestly, you weren’t paying attention to it in the first place.

“For?” you ask, squeezing his hands like you’re getting a tattoo and you hate the pain.

“Walking in on you two?” he answers the obvious question.

“It’s, fine, Steve, really!” you reply quickly, in a quick set of beats.

“But I feel like I fucked it up for you, did he hurt you?”

You can’t help but laugh and shake your head, of course, Steve would ask you that question, “even if he did, I probably would’ve liked it!”

“Oh, Y/N, come on!” Steve says, now it’s his turn to shake his head. It’s not that he didn’t want to hear that kind of stuff, it’s just, he didn’t want to hear it about Billy Hargrove and you.

You’re... you.

“Whaaat!” You trail off.

“Tell Nance that shit. I don’t want to know!”

“Well, I answered your question, honestly, didn’t I?” you reply. Steve rolls his eyes before he chuckles.

“Yeah, but that was too honest if you ask me!” Steve replies as he scrunches up his nose.

“Promise not to tell Mum or Brian?” you ask him, with almost pleading puppy dog eyes.

Steve looks at the door to you and sighs, “I’ve got no choice in the matter, now do I?”

“Obviously, none whatsoever if you want to come over here,” you say with a slight giggle and a smile.

Steve just sighs and looks at the TV, nothing of importance going on, nothing that really sucks Steve in any form. But he looks from the TV back to you and weakly smiles, a smile you know is a lie.

“Will we still be friends?” he asks.

You nod your head quickly, “of course, even when I’ve gone to University, I’ll still have you, no matter what.”

The two of you still had half a year of school left, you have your plans, but you’re worried about Steve, honestly. You know that you’re going to University for something to do with filmmaking. But Steve, you’re not sure he even knows what he’s going to do, maybe be a police officer, he’s friendly with Hopper, but he knows your feelings about cops.

You smile at Steve, one with no teeth, but a grin. You can’t help but feel a little down about the whole thing.

About the future.

What kind of future you’ll lead.

“Come on, let’s go out and do something, want to go and see a movie?” Steve says trying to lighten the mood.

“Yeah sure, what have you got in mind?” you ask.

There weren’t a lot of good movies out at the moment, all the bigger releases like Avengers weren’t out until May, and Jurassic Park and Star Wars were later that year.

“Jupiter Ascending looks good,” Steve says. You get off the couch and nod your head, grabbing your keys and wallet.

“Who’s car?” Steve asks as he starts to follow you.

You put your shoes on and open the front door. “Uhh, yours?” you say not confident in the answer but Steve shrugs his shoulders. You

quickly write down a quick note before you leave the house that lets anyone who comes home first that you're out.

The two of you go out to the cinemas and buy two tickets, you didn't need to wait around for long before it was time to go into the cinema. You played a few arcade games they had there, obviously opting for the zombie one.

Billy: I had fun... too bad Harrington had to ruin it. Hope you're having a good time.

The two of you couldn't help but laugh coming out of the cinema, the movie wasn't ... *bad*, but it wasn't *good*.

"Come on, Y/N, you're telling me you actually enjoyed it?" Steve asks you, though not expecting a serious answer.

"It's fucking camp as all hell, of course, I enjoyed it!" you reply with a chuckle.

"Really? You're telling me you enjoyed it because it was camp?"

"Oh, come on, are you going to take Eddie Redmayne seriously? You're going to take Channing Tatum with that weird blonde goatee seriously?" you ask him, you couldn't take the movie seriously at all.

"Yeah, because the movie was serious!" Steve says, and you can't help but stop in your tracks to laugh loudly, a few people giving you the odd look. "What, Y/N?" he asks, you still are laughing, "what?"

"You're funny, you should be a fucking comedian, dude," you reply through laughter catching up to him.